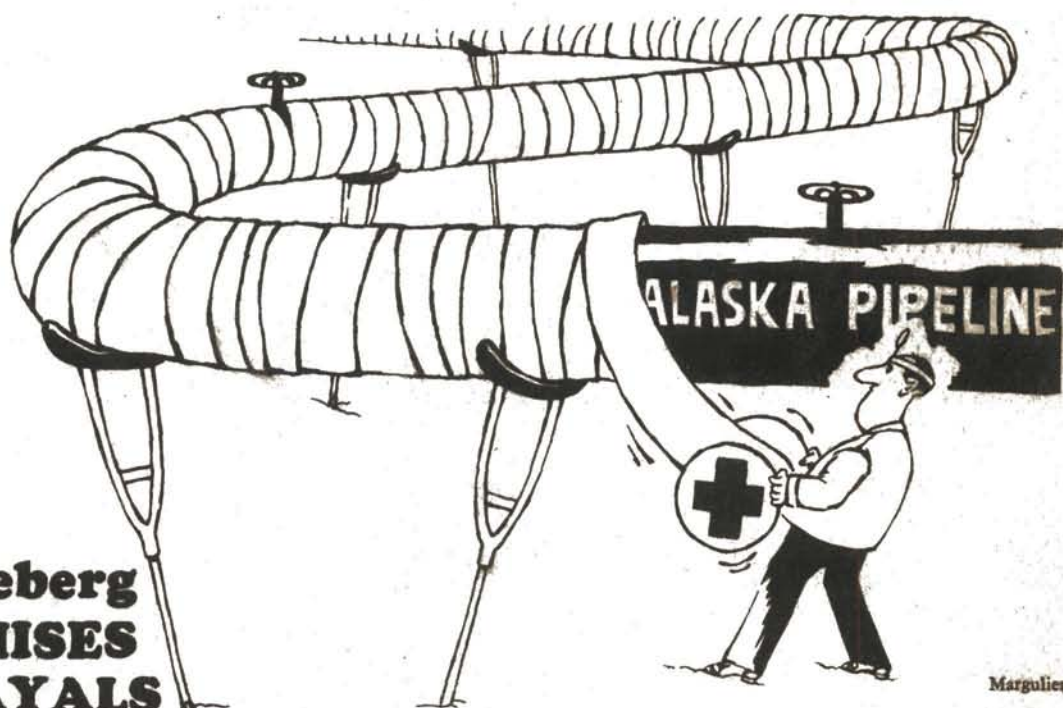


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PELTIER AND THE POSSE BRUCE JOHANSEN

THE
NATION

OCTOBER 1, 1977 60 cents



**Richard Fineberg
PROMISES
AND BETRAYALS**

THE TRANS-ALASKA PIPELINE

Apartheid at Bay

ANDREW SILK

Leonard Kriegel / The Thomas Mann Letters

EDITORIALS

A Bad Day All Around

President Carter has still not made up his mind on the serious questions arising from the Lance affair. He has allowed Lance to resign, but in a way that clarifies nothing. It was done so as to cast grave doubts on Carter's own judgment of men and institutions.

That was not at all what the President had in mind, nor would he agree that his handling of the OMB director's departure had that effect. But when he said at the September 21st press conference that Lance, his closest colleague, "was able to clear his name" (in the Senate hearings) and that "nothing I have heard or read has shaken my belief in Bert's ability or his integrity," he showed, distressingly, that he had failed to learn the lessons implicit in the affair.

When he spoke of responsibility Carter must have had in mind John F. Kennedy's assumption of responsibility for the Bay of Pigs disaster and the consequent rise in his popularity. But that was an altogether different case. Kennedy had a host of generals, spooks and predecessors with whom he could have shared the blame for the Cuban fiasco; he shouldered the burden himself, knowing that his sole guilt would not be generally believed. In the Lance case, Carter had only himself to blame. But he chose to blame himself not for the choice of Lance, which he defended to the last ("our minds were working in the same direction"), but for the ethical stringencies which he saw as bringing about the downfall of his principal assistant.

The fault lay, he said, "in the requirements I laid on him." In other words, if Carter had not made Lance agree to sell his bank stock as a condition for running OMB, the whole flimsy structure of credit on which his life, business and fortune was built might not have come crashing down on Lance's head.

The effect of this line of reasoning is to make Lance's dubious standards of conduct Carter's own. And this impression is fortified by the President's lack of decisiveness in the matter. Even at the end he was reacting to events and pressures, not himself determining what had to be done and acting in a firm and principled way. This pattern of behavior is becoming characteristic of Carter in office. He announces an unalterable stand, stone-walls against the inevitable resistance to it—and then collapses and goes completely the other way. The promised \$50 economy-stimulating tax rebate is one example (which Lance played a key role in reversing); the early trumpeting of "human rights," now reduced to an occasional whisper, is another. The "steely" decisiveness of Carter the campaigner has become mushy in office.

The country, along with the Carter administration, is left with the fallout of the Lance collapse. The man himself will quickly sink from sight (unless, as is possible, he turns up as the defendant in a series of cases arising from his tangled affairs). But his works, and words, will linger on as examples of bad taste. One of the worst memories of his "day in court" before the Senate committee, with the wily "insider," Clark Clifford, counseling

the rumpled "outsider," will be of his daring to talk of "human rights" and their alleged abuse in his own case. It was bold of him, if extraordinarily vulgar, to compare his own most questionable situation with the lot of the millions who live under the lash of dictatorship. In speaking of his "regret and sorrow" at Lance's resignation, Carter should at least have dissociated himself from this debasement of a concept that was noble in its origins.

No one involved in the Lance case emerges with distinction. The Senate probers were feckless and vacillating. Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker had the bad taste to remark that it would have been better, politically, for the Republicans if Lance had stayed on as a target of opportunity (no thought there of the country's welfare). Rep. John Flynt, chairman of the House "ethics" committee which is supposed to be investigating the corruption of Congress by the Koreans, said that Lance was the victim of "a lynch mob without ever having his day in court." Lance himself, as Carter was about to announce his quitting, ran up the stairs of his house and let his wife face the press.

Carter has lost most heavily but, as usual, it is the people who elected him who will pay the price for the diminishment of his Presidency.

Dumb Is Not the Word for It

Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, became a minor casualty during the course of the Lance hearings. Truth, straight dealing and honesty were the major victims of Powell's little attempt to peddle a story that would tar a Senator with the same brush the White House thought was being unfairly used on Bert Lance.

There has been a tendency in Washington to forgive Powell for this ugly attempt at a smear—on the ground that it was so inept. And, after all, the press secretary made such a prompt admission of his stupidity, saying that his action was "inappropriate, regrettable and dumb." In some quarters this aw-shucks confession of bumpkin clumsiness is taken as an attempt at self-exculpation.

And so it should be. It was a nasty bit of business and Powell would have made no apology if he had gotten away with it. He failed because his "tip" on Senator Percy and banks and free rides in corporate airplanes was immediately shown up to be transparently false. Still, a bit of dust-kicking by plain old Jody the country boy, plus Washington's childlike delight in "self-deprecating humor," seems to have removed most of the stain from Powell's amateurish dagger.

For purposes of instruction to the still-wet-behind-the-ears members of the White House's Georgia Mafia, here is a short manual on the correct use of the smear:

(1) Make your "facts" plausible. A smear that won't survive one phone call is a smear that doesn't work.

(2) If your smear is dubious but hard to check, plant it with a lazy, second-rate reporter who will gratefully "leak" the story. The better elements in the press corps will then have to react to it, even negatively, but the story will by then be "floated."

(3) Alternatively, find a conduit for the smear in an anonymous Congressional source, perhaps an ambitious

staffer. The principle here is remoteness: keep the source at an untraceable distance from the White House.

(4) Never let the press secretary himself leak the matter; leave the job to the press office's number-two man, who should drop the nugget on the number-two man in some newspaper office. Number one might lose some credibility, and that he can't afford.

(5) A cocktail party is a safer "channel" than a telephone; the squib is more deniable if it turns out to be damp. (Powell telephoned five newspaper bureaus.)

Class dismissed? Not quite. A much better idea is for the President's spokesman never to do this sort of thing. His job is to transmit the thinking and doings of the Presidency, nothing else. He has to be believable. It will, or should be, quite a while before Jody Powell regains that reputation.

Let the Record Show

Penny Lernoux's article, "Our S.O.B.s: The Somozas of Nicaragua" [The Nation, July 23-30], accuses ASARCO Incorporated of New York of paying employees at the La Luz gold mine in Nicaragua below the legal minimum of 32¢ an hour and ignoring legal norms for health services and food.

For your information, ASARCO does not own the La Luz gold mine, as stated in the article, nor has it ever owned, operated or had any financial interest in the La Luz gold mine. Before printing such serious accusations, you would do well to check the facts.

Norman Visnes, Vice President, Mining Department

The Nation is sharply taken to task in the above letter from the Mining Department of the American corporation ASARCO for an error in an article we published on the brutalities and multiple corruptions of business and government in America's dictatorial dependency of Nicaragua. Our Latin American correspondent Penny Lernoux tells us that complex corporate structures in the mining business in that country led her to confuse one mining company with another, and that ASARCO does not in fact own the La Luz gold mine which, as she reported, pays its workers less than the legal minimum wage and ignores the law on health services and food.

Having thus corrected the record on ASARCO and that particular mine, are we now justified in giving ASARCO a clean bill of corporate health in Nicaragua? Should we list this company on the honor roll of enlightened U.S. enterprises operating abroad? In a further report on U.S. mining companies in Somozaland, Penny Lernoux identifies the ASARCO mine as Bonanza gold mine (operated by Neptune Mining Co., which is 52 percent owned by ASARCO). Both La Luz and Bonanza are in Zelaya Department. Lernoux offers evidence that conditions at Bonanza are "if anything, worse than those described for La Luz," as follows:

¶ A memorandum from Consuelo Morales de Scheidecker, regional nutrition inspector for the Nicaraguan Health Ministry, to the vice minister for public health, Roberto Sacasa Zamora, to the effect that the standard of living of the people is worse in Bonanza than in La Luz-Siuna.

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¶ A report by J.P. Stringham, manager of Neptune, saying that Neptune was paying its miners at the rate of 25¢ an hour when the legal minimum was 32¢.

¶ A government report of "discontent" among the Bonanza miners "because the 64¢ they receive daily for food is insufficient for an adequate diet." (For comparison purposes, the nearby Rosita and Siuna mines, complying with legal requirements to provide miners with three meals a day, spent \$1.07 per day per worker.)

¶ A Health Ministry report that medical service at Bonanza was irregular and inadequate, often with no doctor available, and "the local ambulance doesn't work."

¶ Bonanza has 8,700 inhabitants, compared to 4,000 in Siuna and 3,000 in Rosita. It has only one school, going only to the fourth grade, as compared to four primary schools in Siuna and four primary schools and one high school in Rosita.

¶ ASARCO received \$2 million in dividends from Neptune Mining in 1974.

So there is part of the record of ASARCO and its affiliates in Nicaragua. It turns out that ASARCO's record is worse in many respects than that of the company which we erroneously said it owned. It is the usual, disgraceful story of an American company in Latin America working closely with the local dictatorship to exploit the workers in the interest of its stockholders.

As Penny Lernoux made clear in her article on Nicaragua, money from the United States, private and public, works against the interests of the Nicaraguan people and "allows Somoza to terrorize the nation."

Is ASARCO satisfied that its Mr. Visnes corrected the record on its operations there?

Dancing on the Graves

Amidst the politically motivated festivities that attended the signing, last month, of the Panama Canal treaty two painful anniversaries passed almost unnoticed in Washington. On September 11, four years ago, Chilean democracy was destroyed and President Salvador Allende was assassinated. And on September 21, 1976, Orlando Letelier was murdered by minions of the Chilean junta. The President would have done well to mark both dates with some sign of mourning.

Instead, eager for a foreign policy success that has so far proved elusive, Carter turned the signing of the draft treaty into a public relations extravaganza the like of which Washington has not seen in some years. Nineteen heads of state attended. Red carpets, black limousines and much décolletage created the proper atmosphere; and the crush of ceremonies, soirées, press conferences and mini-summits provided news copy for days. This ribbon and rhinestone out-of-season Mardi Gras may have improved the treaty's chances with Congress, but the people of Chile—not to mention Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Bolivia, et al.—must now endure tyrannies that have been flattered by the President of the United States.

General Pinochet attended the affair flanked by no less than fifty bodyguards. He was perhaps oppressed by the thought of meeting an untimely end in the city where hirelings of the DINA, the secret police he created and ruled, attached a bomb to Letelier's car and detonated

it as he drove past the Chilean Ambassador's residence. Pinochet was rewarded for his presence by a tête-à-tête with Carter, during which, we are told, the American leader "lectured" the Chilean on human rights. The President should have saved his breath; a much more potent lecture would have been to snub the General. Carter must have known that the mere fact of the meeting would be trumpeted as a diplomatic breakthrough for the junta—and indeed it was. And the effect of Carter's scolding was immediately evident when Pinochet returned to Chile: on September 11, in his "state-of-the-union" message, Pinochet bluntly stated that no changes would be forthcoming in his "authoritarian democracy," and noted with gratification "a slow but progressive improvement in the attitude of the United States toward the evolution of Chilean reality." That is a reality in which repression continues (having decimated the Left, the security forces are now turning their attention to the Christian Democrats and the Church) and the rich enjoy unprecedented prosperity, while the inhabitants of Chile's growing shantytowns forage on the garbage dumps.

In contrast to Pinochet's pugnacious celebration of his repellent rule, the late September memorial services for Orlando Letelier and Ronni Moffitt at Washington's Institute for Policy Studies were somber. Besides recalling the extraordinary man who had become the leading spokesman for Chilean exiles in the United States, Letelier's colleagues expressed fear that the investigation of the murder has degenerated into a cover-up. Sources within the Justice Department say that the names of the killers are known, but no indictments have been handed down. The Carter administration may feel that the investigation poses a diplomatic problem, since the trail of Letelier's murderers almost certainly leads to President Pinochet, who after all is the leader of a "friendly" state. But any such delicacy toward a tyrant of implacable ferocity would be misplaced. That Carter met with Pinochet just blocks from the site of Letelier's death is bad enough; if he allows the murder investigation to remain in suspense much longer, he will completely discredit the concern for human rights that is supposed to be the foundation of his policy toward Latin America.

Ladies' Day in the Granite State

If one is to judge by recent news from New Hampshire, women have still to travel a long uphill road before they reach anything resembling equal rights. Of course, the Granite State, fortunately for the other forty-nine, is an enclave of eccentricity, at least in its public life. Characteristically, it has shown its stripes (or dots, see below) on matters affecting women's rights.

It seems that New Hampshire has a body called the Status of Women Commission, all of whose members were appointed by the ultra-reactionary Republican Governor, Meldrim Thomson, himself a creation and creature of the arch-plus-ultra-conservative newspaper publisher, William Loeb. The SOW Commission recently voted against a proposal that would have freed a little state money to provide emergency shelter for "battered wives." The grounds for this rejection were that the rise in feminism was a cause of wife beating. "Those women

libbers irritate the hell out of their husbands," one commission member said. Others ascribed wife beating to "a breakdown of love and morality at home" and thus washed their hands of the matter.

New Hampshire's SOW, however, has not been altogether passive. It has come out against abortion, for school prayers, against repeal of a law banning lesbian activities, against the federal Family and Child Services program, and against *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. Naturally, it is opposed to the Equal Rights Amendment. All those pros and cons pretty well define the status of women as seen by official New Hampshire.

The commission does have, in the words of *The Washington Post* story, one "major legislative accomplishment" to its credit. It pushed through the General Court, as the legislature up there is known, a bill making the ladybug the state insect. Yes, state insect. The family *Coccinellidae* which produces those charming, brightly colored aphid eaters, speckled with black dots, reproduces non-parthenogenetically, of course, which means that males and females are involved in the process. Thus, in a way, it's too bad the commission has opposed ERA. If it had not, gentlemen ladybugs might have sued to have the name of their species changed to "personbugs," on the ground that the present designation demeans the male sex.

Vernacular Static

The American dialect of the English language has been giving this country's relations with the mysterious East a little trouble lately. First there was the opening remark of our new Ambassador to Japan at his initial

Tokyo press conference. "I'm the new boy on the block. Shoot," said the dignified Mike Mansfield to the baffled reporters. There was a long silence. The former Senate Majority Leader, aged 74, didn't look boyish. Was it "bloc" as in power bloc that he meant, or something to do with inhibitions or streets? And what were the reporters supposed to shoot with, or even at—surely not at this venerable envoy from the inscrutable West?

Then, back in Washington, there was a question from an American reporter to a White House assistant press secretary named Rex Granum. Would the United States leave behind the "Honest Johns" we have sown all over South Korea, if we actually pulled out our ground forces? This was a new term to Granum. He did not know that Honest Johns were nuclear-tipped rockets under the control of the Army. He thought they were undisguised privies. Therefore he replied that there was no thought of removing the "facilities" if we withdrew our ground troops. It would indeed be ungenerous of the United States to pull out our late-model latrines, leaving General Park's troops to dig presumably more primitive ones.

There's a solution to these vernacular howlers that complicate our dealings with the world outside. Every federal spokesman of whatever rank should be made to take a course and pass a test in Impeccable Bureaucratese, administered by the U.S. Bureau of Usage, before he is loosed on the polyglot world. Then the estimable Ambassador Mansfield would have said, "I am the new United States Ambassador to Tokyo; your questions, please." And the White House *porte-parole*, to use the language of diplomacy, would have known that the only thing that Johns and Johns have in common is their circumference, more or less.

PROMISES AND BETRAYALS

THE TRANS-ALASKA PIPELINE

RICHARD A. FINEBERG

Fairbanks, Alaska

For oil men, the evening of July 27 should have been an occasion of unmitigated joy. Right on schedule, after five years of lobbying and thirty-eight months of break-neck building, the 800-mile, \$7.7 billion trans-Alaska pipeline—the largest project ever attempted by private industry—was about to deliver its first drop of oil. But reporters described the mood of Alyeska Pipeline Service Co. officials as "gloomy, worried and irritable" as they waited at the mountain-clad Valdez terminal for the first oil from Prudhoe Bay to finish its problem-plagued, thirty-eight-day journey across Alaska in the 48-inch steel conduit they had designed and built.

Alyeska officials had good reason to be nervous. On the long journey to Valdez the line the oil industry had touted as an environmental blue-ribbon project had been

stalled for two weeks by four separate emergencies. For the first two weeks after oil entered the pipe, things had gone much according to plan. Then, in rapid succession:

¶ An unexpected break in a section of the pipe was discovered on July 4, just before oil entered the faulty section. The line was shut down sixty-four hours for repairs.

¶ Less than twenty-four hours later, a pump house blew up, killing one person and charring 4 acres of birch forest. After a ten-day pause to patch the line, oil started flowing again.

¶ The following day a big earth mover banged into a valve, releasing a geyser of crude oil that soaked 15 acres of Alaskan tundra and shut down the line again.

¶ As the oil was approaching Valdez, federal authorities discovered violations of welding codes at the Valdez terminal (a similar problem with the main line had cost Alyeska at least \$55 million in repairs). The line was shut down again for inspection and repairs.

To some observers, these early pipeline problems demonstrated that the oil industry had copped out on

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its flashy preconstruction promises to minimize environmental damage. The start-up fiascos added to a construction record marred by quality-control failures, large-scale spillage of fuel oil and lubricants, widespread stream siltation and erosion, and a never-ending round of engineering and logistics problems. The environmental effects of all this? Only time will tell, but, says Al Carson, who headed a team of fish and wildlife biologists monitoring the project for the state of Alaska, Alyeska could have avoided much of the damage by careful planning and construction practices.

Environmental problems were only part of the reason for gloom at Valdez. While Alyeska struggled to get oil through the pipeline, its owner companies (major investors are Exxon, British Petroleum, Sohio and Atlantic Richfield; smaller shares are owned by Amerada-Hess, Mobil, Phillips and Union) were wrestling with Alaskan officials and the Interstate Commerce Commission. Both the state and the ICC's own staff analysts say the owners want to charge too much for shipping oil through their new pipeline. There's another problem: how to get the oil from the pipeline to where it's needed. At this time it's not needed on the West Coast, where the oil companies said they planned to market it when they sought and secured approval for the controversial line in 1973.

Early in July President Carter nixed the oil company pleas for permission to ship Alaskan crude to Japan in exchange for Japanese rights to Middle Eastern oil that could be delivered to the Gulf Coast. While Carter's move was consistent with the 1973 decision authorizing the pipeline (it stipulated that Alaskan oil was needed at home to reduce dependence on foreign crude and could not be exported without Presidential determination), the Japan swap would have solved the distribution problem temporarily. Not only is Alaskan oil in surplus on the West Coast; at present there are no overland oil conduits across the Rocky Mountains, and big tankers can't pass through the Panama Canal.

As if these problems weren't enough, even before the first oil reached Valdez some angry young Alaskans north of Fairbanks had tried to blow up the line. They failed, but their attempt demonstrated the inadequacy of Alyeska's security system. Although the dynamite tore insulation sheets from the pipe and scattered them on the ground (this should have been a sign to inspectors who are supposed to be patrolling the line daily), Alyeska management apparently did not know of the attempted sabotage for more than four days.

This array of problems, recurrent in multibillion-dollar projects undertaken by private enterprise, ostensibly in the public interest, is especially acute in the oil industry, where a major portion of the nation's energy supply is controlled by a few very large firms. The nation's twenty largest industrial corporations include nine oil companies. Three of the oil behemoths—Exxon (which stands at the top of *Fortune's* 500), Mobil (the fifth-ranked industrial on *Fortune's* list) and Atlantic Richfield (number fifteen)—are working together on the trans-Alaska project.

The big spender on the pipeline, Standard of Ohio

(Sohio) ranks twentieth in the industry and is only the seventy-third largest industrial corporation in the country. To join the Alaskan oil game back in 1969, Sohio sold a majority of its stock to the international giant British Petroleum in exchange for a share of British Petroleum's Prudhoe Bay oil. As pipeline construction costs escalated, Sohio then floated an amazing assortment of public and bank loans to finance its third of the project. According to Frederick Freeman, financial editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, Sohio borrowed \$3 billion for the pipeline. "No other industrial company," says Freeman, "now or ever before, has had so many assets proportionally set against such a huge debt." Sohio's interest on its Alaskan investment is better than \$1 million per day.

To the owner companies time was money; it undercut the preconstruction environmental promises they had bandied about. Gil Zemansky, who documented pipeline environmental problems in a 1976 research paper published by the Fairbanks Environmental Center, says the pipeline managers routinely pushed aside environmental concerns in their drive for rapid completion of the job. Zemansky, a former government pipeline monitor (he was fired by the state's Department of Environmental Conservation in 1975 for his tough attitude toward Alyeska), contends that state and federal pipeline monitors often failed to uphold environmental safeguards, siding instead with the builders. For example, they permitted construction to start without an adequate quality-control system, despite provisions in the lease agreements calling for approval of that system before work began. The failure of quality control, Zemansky says, contributed directly to the welding inspection controversy that caused Alyeska to uncover an estimated 4,000 welds in 1976—welds that were supposed to have been inspected and approved the previous year.

Construction-related oil spills focus attention on three characteristics of the Alaska pipeline project: the difference between promise and practice, the failure of the government monitoring program to force the builders to provide top-flight environmental protection, and the slick effort of Alyeska media men to turn their ecological blunders to the builders' credit.

Alyeska's preconstruction promises were clear. "On this you have our pledge," the pipeline company advertised in 1972 during its campaign to secure approval for the controversial project, "environmental disturbances will be avoided where possible, held to a minimum where unavoidable, and restored to the fullest practical extent." Another oil propaganda piece proclaimed: "Our extensive research has shown that the trans-Alaska pipeline can be safely built with a minimum disturbance to the Alaskan environment. Just as we have taken no shortcuts in conducting our research, we will take no shortcuts in the construction of the pipeline system. We respect and appreciate Alaska's environment, and we will protect it."

Alyeska's public relations specialists didn't ignore construction oil spills. To the contrary, the media men in air-conditioned offices hundreds of miles from the pipeline dutifully promoted Alyeska's self-proclaimed simon-pure image by churning out press releases whenever they were



advised of a spill. During thirty-eight months of construction more than 300 such releases were issued. But the oil-spill-reporting charade fell apart in June 1975, when Alyeska put out an apparently routine release about a spill from a broken fuel line beneath the Galbraith Lake camp in the Brooks Mountain Range, 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Although virtually every Alyeska spill report before and since has given an estimate of the amount of oil involved (releases have been issued for 5-quart discharges), this one did not provide a clue that the spill at Galbraith was pegged at upward of 60,000 gallons. Not only was the Galbraith spill the largest on the project to that date, the sum of all spills reported on the project up to then was only 53,000 gallons.

According to the official tally, 560,000 gallons of oil and petroleum products were spilled on or near the right of way during construction. Evenly distributed, that would come to 700 gallons per mile, or slightly more than a pint for every foot of pipe. And Alaska Commissioner of Environmental Conservation Ernst Mueller believes a realistic total—including all unreported and under-reported spills—would top a million gallons.

Where, then, were the state and federal pipeline monitors, who ran up a \$50 million bill patrolling the right of way? Although the construction agreement between Alyeska and the state and federal governments prohibited oil spills and gave the line monitors authority to halt work if Alyeska did not prevent them, the designated watchdogs stood by as Alyeska dumped petroleum products wholesale on the right of way in its corporate haste to stay on schedule.

Oil spills that could have been avoided by conscientious management were evident from the outset and government monitors were aware that spills were under-reported or ignored altogether, but Alaska's chief pipeline inspector didn't even mention the problem in a February 1975 status report he prepared for the newly elected Governor. State Pipeline Coordinator Charles A. Champion (he is a petroleum engineer who came to his monitoring job from the oil industry and has already

taken a job as construction boss for an oil company on another Arctic exploration project) paid lip service in his 1975 report to the "delicate balance between adequate environmental safeguards and early completion" of the project. Then he tipped the scales with no delicacy at all by warning that the project might be delayed by as much as twelve months, costing the impoverished state government more than \$500 million in deferred royalty payments.

One doubts that Alyeska itself could have made a stronger case for relaxing construction stipulations than the one presented by this guardian of the public interest. The new Alaska state administration, inheriting a budget squeeze created by an outgoing regime that had spent beyond its means, was eagerly awaiting the day in mid-1977 when oil would start flowing and royalties from the Prudhoe windfall would start rolling in. Preoccupied with myriad problems (many of them created by the pipeline boom), busy administrators in the state capital simply weren't interested in a few gallons of diesel fuel here and there on the remote tundra. But they were concerned about anything that might hinder Alyeska's construction schedule and delay royalty payments.

And if Alaska's monitors were willing to sell their home down a river of oil, one could hardly expect better from the federal surveillance team; the economic anxieties that undercut the state effort had their counterpart in the political pressure on the federal Alaska Pipeline Office, a special division of the Interior Department created to oversee construction on federally managed lands. The pipeline was the lone bright star in that Nixon-Ford dud known as Project Independence. By 1976 the United States was importing 30 percent more oil than it did in 1974, when energy self-sufficiency was proclaimed as a national goal and construction began on the Alaskan line. The result of this situation was that the Alaska Pipeline Office bent over backward to help Alyeska get the job done.

The Alaska Department of Environmental Conservation, which has statutory responsibility for all oil spills in the state, has sued Alyeska and some of its contractors for damages from several oil spills, including the one at Galbraith Lake. However, with the pipeline already finished, the major cases are still languishing on the crowded desks of overworked state prosecutors. In 1976, the state legislature gave the Department of Environmental Conservation a tough new law to regulate tanker and terminal operations in 1976, but the law was not in force when the first tankers arrived at Valdez a year later. According to Commissioner Mueller, funding for the personnel needed to implement it got lost somewhere in the legislative hoppers.

Another problem contributing to poor pipeline surveillance was that engineers ran the monitoring show while biologists—the people who know most about the effects of construction—were shunted into an advisory role. Time and again the warnings of the biologists were ignored by schedule-conscious engineers in the state Pipeline Coordinator's Office and the federal Alaska Pipeline Office. Examination of the biologists' weekly field reports reveals that bulldozers that were supposed to operate only during winter, when the snow would protect

the streams below, frequently continued working past their deadline, needlessly destroying fish and wildlife habitat. Culverts too small to allow fish passage were installed in many locations, over the repeated objections of the biologists.

The time-is-money cry, coupled with costly but ineffective government surveillance, may produce long-term effects that far outweigh construction-related oil spills. Here follow a few examples of the many aspects of engineering and construction in which the discrepancy between promise and practice is clear:

¶ Because it was feared that conventional burial of a hot-oil line might thaw and erode Alaska's frozen ground, more than 400 miles of the pipe is elevated on steel goal posts placed 60 feet apart. At various widely scattered locations (Alyeska won't say how many) timbers have been rammed under the crossbeams of the expensive steel pilings that carry the pipe. Alyeska spokesmen vigorously deny that the vertical supports have been sinking, but pipeline workers report that welders had to raise many crossbeams in at least one stretch of the line to re-establish design elevation. After the crossbeams had been removed and replaced, workers said, wooden supports were shoved in. This kind of patchwork recalls the repairs to the first transcontinental railroad, large portions of which had to be rebuilt because the constructors cut corners as they rushed to grab off land grants and construction fees based on miles of track laid.

¶ When a break in the line halted oil flow while the line was filling on July 4, Alyeska blamed the crack on a slug of super-cooled nitrogen (used as insulation against the air immediately ahead of the vaporous and potentially explosive oil front). However, several sources say that the line was overstressed at that point during installation last year and may have failed before the nitrogen hit. According to a former laborer at the site, the break occurred at precisely the point where the work of two contractors met. The pipe did not line up and jacks had to be used to force it into place. "They had a lot of trouble," the worker recalls, "and there was a great deal of discussion about who was at fault."

¶ After it was reported that inspectors had falsified X-rays and inspection reports to keep pace with welders in 1975, Alyeska fired the contractor responsible for X-rays on the southern half of the line. But in 1976, when buried line had to be dug up for reinspection and repairs, it turned out that there were even worse problems with welds on the northern half of the line, which was inspected by a different contractor. The line-long X-ray problem illustrates the difficulty Alyeska had to assure quality control. (Despite stipulations requiring X-ray of all welds, at the last minute the pipeline monitors granted waivers on 7,000 welds—7 percent of the line—for which X-rays were blurred or could not be located.)

¶ In its 1972 environmental impact statement, which played a key role in Congressional authorization for the line, Alyeska promised a detection system capable of spotting leaks as small as 744 barrels per day. In 1974 a report prepared for the Alaska Pipeline Office by Mechanics Research, Inc., an engineering firm that pro-

vided technical support for the federal agency, warned that the detection system planned by Alyeska might be subject to frequent breakdowns. And the report indicated that the backup system would be only half as accurate. The Mechanics Research staff report was watered down by the then head of that firm's Alaskan team, Frank Stivers, who had behind him thirty years of pipeline experience, all of it with Exxon subsidiaries. Without requiring computer tests to determine whether the leak-detection system was indeed subject to frequent breakdowns, as the report warned, and without results of field tests of the less-accurate backup system, the Alaska Pipeline Office approved the leak-detection system.

The State Pipeline Coordinator's Office didn't press the issue. Like Stivers, oil-man-turned-monitor Champion maintained that Alyeska's system was "compatible with the best state of the art," a statement that may well have been true, but which overlooked the fact that computer technology is a rapidly evolving field and that the art of pipeline control would advance precisely to the extent that Alyeska, with the only major oil project in the country, invested its time and money in honoring its earlier promises.

These problems all raise the same question: should the public trust a multibillion-dollar project to private enterprise and industry-oriented government monitors? With other major energy projects slated for the far north (on September 8 the United States and Canada announced agreement on a natural gas line from Prudhoe Bay to the Lower 48, a project even bigger than Alyeska's), it is an important question. As demonstrated above, the corporate need to turn interest-bearing debt into income may undermine environmental promises. Beyond that, however, the way in which the money to be earned from big energy projects is divided up between the public and the energy companies may deprive the former of staggering sums to which it is entitled.

For example, Alaskan fiscal analysts calculate that an increase of 1¢ per barrel in the price the Interstate Commerce Commission allows Alyeska to charge for shipping oil through its line will cost the state \$1 million a year in reduced revenues from Prudhoe production. (The Prudhoe Bay field, on state land, is leased to the oil companies in exchange for 12.5 percent of the price the oil brings at the refinery, less transportation costs. The higher the transportation cost—the major component of which is the pipeline—the lower the state's share of the take.)

The state's economic interest in the pipeline led the Alaska Pipeline Commission to hire former Watergate prosecutor Terry F. Lenzner to look into the dollar overruns that pushed the line's cost from \$4.5 billion when construction began in 1974 to an estimated \$7.7 billion (plus another \$2 billion in carrying charges) by the time oil flowed three years later. Although the investigation was hampered at every step by attorneys representing Alyeska, its contractors and the owner companies, Lenzner's recently completed seven-month investigation gives a disturbing glimpse into the way that corporate managers handled the pipeline project. Lenzner's conclusion: "The available evidence shows inadequate planning and preparation for construction, an

ineffective management structure characterized by duplication and unclear lines of responsibility and authority, and a willingness to sacrifice prudent business judgment to political expediency."

Among Lenzner's findings:

¶ In a subpoenaed interview, Alyeska's Peter DeMay, vice president for construction, said the corporate owners ignored Alyeska's repeated recommendation that more money be spent for critical planning in the early stages because the companies wanted to avoid the appearance of being irrevocably committed to construction of the line while still seeking Congressional approval. DeMay: "From a political standpoint they [the owners] didn't want to make it appear they were going ahead with the project full blast while they were having all these problems in Washington. . . ."

¶ Cost controls, Lenzner said, "were poorly planned, implemented late and ineptly executed." As a result, Alyeska had no adequate performance standards and no way to establish an effective contractor cost incentive program. Warehousing and inventory control were woefully inadequate and contractors frequently ordered materials and equipment already stockpiled in nearby locations.

¶ "Evidence of lack of cost consciousness," Lenzner said, "was clear in Alyeska's decision to spend millions of dollars to purchase [pipeline coating] tape which it later tested and found to be inappropriate." Alyeska then paid additional millions for another inadequate tape, thus requiring purchase of yet a third type. According to Lenzner, after reporting the problems with the second tape (manufactured by Royston), ARCO's Lloyd C. Foy added in his memo to Alyeska construction boss Moolin: "It might be well to destroy this report so there will be nothing in your files that indicates any expected trouble with Royston tape."

¶ The biggest waste—more than \$1 billion by Alyeska's own estimates—came in labor productivity. According to Lenzner, construction management contractor Bechtel advised Alyeska to phase in construction crews slowly in order to avoid paying large numbers of idle workers. Alyeska overruled the suggestion, according to the report, on the ground that the spectacle of crowds of workers standing around would pressure government monitors to act more quickly on various construction permit applications. Labor productivity fell far short of expectations in 1974 and 1975; and despite the fact that estimates were revised downward after the 1975 season, productivity declined dramatically again in 1976. "This is exactly the opposite of what one would reasonably expect from a well-managed project," Lenzner observed.

In one instance cited by Lenzner (virtually every pipeline worker observed or participated in similar or less spectacular boondoggles) a job steward with the welders was paid twenty-four hours a day for twenty-seven days in a row; then received pay for the next three days at sixteen hours per day. "And then, apparently refreshed, [he] was paid another fifteen days in a row at twenty-four hours per day."

Alyeska's Chairman E.L. Patton maintains his project was well managed, despite what Lenzner says. Although he declines to discuss the specifics of Lenzner's 670-page

document (Patton says Alyeska will respond before the ICC), in several speeches earlier this year the consortium executive harped on the old theme that government-imposed environmental constraints and paperwork were largely responsible for the cost overruns. Taking the same tack, the industry-oriented *Oil & Gas Journal* heralded the start-up with an editorial decrying environmental "delays and unreasonable design stipulations" that hiked construction costs.

It is true that the 1974 estimate (\$4.5 billion) was three times the 1969 estimate. But one shudders to recall that back in 1969 the oil companies, in their haste to reap profits from Prudhoe, would have gambled on burying a hot-oil conduit in unstable frozen ground (Atlantic Richfield's president, Thornton Bradshaw, has acknowledged that the intervention of environmentalists saved the oil companies from blundering in without adequate preparation). In any event, environmental constraints and design stipulations—to which Alyeska agreed before launching construction in 1974—don't explain the jump from \$4.5 billion to \$7.7 billion.

One aspect of the massive cost overruns is that, with the fourfold increase in the price of crude oil in the early 1970s, the oil companies literally did not care how much it cost to build the line. As Sohio's heavily indebted condition makes clear, to the owner companies the overriding concern—masked as national interest in energy independence—was to get the oil flowing as quickly as possible and turn a staggering debt into profit.

There may also have been a positive incentive for oil companies to inflate line prices. According to some analysts (including the ICC's staff investigators), due to a loophole in pipeline regulations, profits customarily allowed by the commission amount to a whopping 70 percent per year return on equity for a largely debt-financed pipeline. If you could find a way to earn 70¢ on \$1, wouldn't you borrow another \$9 and plow it into the same investment?

Over the years the ICC has been a pushover for the attorneys and accountants retained by the oil companies. However, stung by growing Congressional criticism and pushed by the state of Alaska's vigorous investigation, the commission rolled back the owner companies' proposed Alaska pipeline tariffs, which averaged \$6.20 per barrel, and approved an interim tariff of about \$5.10 (each of the owners files a separate tariff). The commission also launched an investigation of pipeline tariff policies in general, and the trans-Alaska line in particular. The complicated rate case is expected to take years to resolve.

Even if Alyeska's pipeline surprises its critics by performing better during its lifetime than one would expect on the basis of the sorry construction record and start-up problems, the public has little to cheer about. Alyeska and its owners—by their own deceptions and mismanagement in the exploitation of Alaskan oil—have severely tarnished the image of corporate responsibility; to date, government has failed to protect the public interest by responding to corporate misdeeds with vigorous and effective policies. It remains to be seen whether future large-scale energy projects will follow the unfortunate pattern of the trans-Alaska oil pipeline. □

APARTHEID AT BAY

ANDREW SILK

Apartheid is a dogma intended to freeze the relations between blacks and whites in South Africa for all time. But the industrial development and the economic problems of South Africa are making the operation of apartheid not only malign but irrational. What follows is an eyewitness account of bigotry at bay.

Cape Town

In mid-August the South African Government demolished an African shantytown which had grown up outside this city during the past two years. Bulldozers and "front-end loaders" were used to knock down about 1,500 shacks built of corrugated iron, wood and plastic. In the next few weeks, 4,000 more homes in neighboring camps are scheduled to come down.

Police with tear gas, dogs and guns prevented residents and outsiders from interfering with the demolition. At least two women were bitten by the dogs when they refused to disperse. According to one witness, some residents who had gathered to watch the destruction from a hill were armed with African knives and sticks (pangas and knobkerries) and dared the police to unleash the animals. They were restrained by other residents. At one point during the demolition, the tires of a "front-end loader" were punctured.

None of the squatters was arrested, but three whites, including a minister of the Anglican church, were taken in charge when they lay down in front of the bulldozer. One had to be carried to a police van.

Once the demolition of the camp became inevitable, several empty shacks were set afire. Rumors clashed as to who had started them—the squatters themselves, policemen or, according to the South African Broadcasting Corp., "intimidators."

On the third day of the operation, the entire camp was engulfed by smoke. For a brief period, traffic on the road bordering the shantytown was rerouted when one woman, after watching a bulldozer hit her house, flung her belongings into the traffic.

The government, which owns the land, had warned that the camp was to be leveled, and had told the residents to take down their own shacks, but had given no deadline. Instead, it stalled and threatened, in order to sow uncertainty, limit organized resistance to the demolition, and scare many into leaving voluntarily. As if to demonstrate their serious intent, the authorities had knocked down a much smaller camp two weeks earlier, but as most people at Modderdam—as the camp off Modderdam Road became known—were offered only train tickets for women to rural homelands more than 600 miles away and single berths in dormitories for men, few moved.

It seemed at first that the residents would stand firm as a community. The camp's leaders had asked the people not to interfere with the demolition, but to stay on

the land even with no shelter. "Sure I'll let them take my place down—I'm too old to stop a bulldozer," said one man, a veteran of many squatter camps. "But then I'm going to leave it up to them to decide where they will put me."

Throughout the first day, during which about fifty shacks were hit, men and women stood watching, stunned. Many continued their daily chores of cooking, washing and fetching water from a nearby housing development.

Members of an African separatist church gathered about 100 yards from where African employees of the Public Works Department were loading debris into trucks. Women in white surrounded heads of the church, who were dressed in bright blue and green robes and wore crowns. One man beat a side drum as the congregation sang appeals for God's protection and danced to Western hymns with African words and rhythms. The prayers and the singing gradually became more ecstatic and the people circled around the leaders who ran more intensely and wildly, shouting, in a small circle. Many white and "coloured" onlookers and police stood around watching the service. It shifted attention momentarily from the demolitions, since African charismatics rarely conduct meetings in the presence of outsiders.

When the bulldozers left at 5 P.M., few residents had made preparations to leave the site. Men and women looked resigned, even calm, and showed little emotion. People lined up for soup and other relief services which the police had allowed into the camp. In the evening, the community held its final meeting, during which it drafted a statement for the press. It said in part, "If we are criminals, let it be known that our only crime is that of wanting to live together as families." Many expressed their determination to stay on the land, even with no shelter.

But over the next two days, when about two-thirds of the shacks fell, this spirit was crushed. Several fights erupted between residents who wanted to stay and others who had begun to load trucks and look for other refuges. Committee members tried to maintain order, but lost control. Social workers searched the camp for the sick, pregnant and newly born in order to delay the destruction of shanties until the people could be taken to hospitals, churches or other homes.

It is possible that a large percentage of the camp would have stayed put if a local welfare organization had not found trucks for their removal and temporary storage places for possessions. Some members of the camp wanted to make a stand, leaving it to the police to move them. But because of the high percentage of babies in the camp, and the constant threat of rain, it was decided to use all available help in abandoning Modderdam. Eight days

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after the demolition had begun, all of the 10,000 people had left. One community worker who had been in the area daily for more than six months said as he looked over the pile of debris, "Well, we are back to the beginning."

The demolition began just one year after students rioted in the African townships of Cape Town. The last of the shacks fell on the anniversary of the day that twenty-one students had been killed while storming administration offices, post offices and beer halls. Blacks and whites in this city were astonished that such force would be used at such an explosive time.

But despite some similarity in the resistance, confrontation and suppression, the squatters' fight was not directly related to the more violent township upheavals. During the long months of rioting, the squatter camps whose total population in Cape Town comprises more than 200,000 "coloureds" and Africans, or one-third of the city's population, had been areas of relative quiet. The earlier uprising was a clear political response to white institutions and authority. The squatters' resistance stemmed more from the emotional and economic need for new city residents to live with their families. They wanted nothing more than the right to remain in their shacks.

The squatters, who are amongst the poorest in urban African society, were not involved in, and often not even much aware of, protests and other campaigns against apartheid and for black political control. Unlike the township leaders, who form an educated elite, the squatter leaders were themselves shack dwellers, often laborers in the city.

For this reason, their defiance and suppression can be seen as peripheral to the central issue of power which dominates thought and action both inside and outside the country. However, the extraordinary confrontation which took place here in August is an important sign of the severe structural economic and social breakdown that may soon become more important than the political crisis in transforming South African society.

The immediate cause of the squatters' presence and ultimate removal from Modderdam Road is a set of "pass laws" which prohibit rural African men from living permanently in the cities with their families. Although these men spend most of their working lives in town, they are unable to buy or rent houses, and are provided only with places in single-sex dormitories. Their wives are not legally allowed to join them for more than a few days. If, for whatever reason, they come to stay, the men have had little choice but to find a vacant plot of land and erect a shack. ("Coloured" squatters, who make up the large majority of shanty dwellers in Cape Town, are not subject to pass laws. They are free to live together as families and erect their own shelters simply because there is not enough housing, or the housing that does exist is too expensive. The government has in most cases provided land and basic services for them.)

The laws, and the system of migrant labor which they are designed to regulate, have long provided the foundation for South Africa's industrial and agricultural de-

velopment. Initially, most men went to the towns to get money for their rural activities or to pay taxes. "My husband used to leave for the mines and come back driving a cow," an old woman who stayed at Modderdam recalled. Often the men would remain in the village for several months, returning only if more money was needed or bad weather ruined the crops.

As Dr. Francis Wilson, of the University of Cape Town, has described it, this "oscillating migration" operated more or less naturally for a time. The local supply was rarely sufficient, labor recruiters had the freedom to contract men throughout southern Africa. But until just a few years ago, the majority of men working in gold mines came from neighboring states.

However, as the country industrialized and labor demands diversified, the internal dynamic of this initially informal system changed. "The problem today is that once men were married to their wives—now they are married to the towns," the old Modderdam woman sighed. Mines, white farms and secondary industry needed a regular, steady supply of workers for longer and longer periods. Competition among different sectors of the economy led to serious labor shortages, particularly in agriculture where wages were lowest.

More important, men began to cut their ties with the land and settle permanently in the city. Opportunities for a rural livelihood diminished and, particularly for the poorest member of African rural society, there was little incentive to stay in the villages.

If men had been permitted to sell their labor and settle freely, the migrant system would have been simply an intermediate phase of development, gradually replaced by more common forms of urbanization. As early as 1912, native Africans had bought land outside Johannesburg, and were living in conditions similar to, and in close proximity with, new white city immigrants, forced to the towns by the devastation of the Boer War. But that free-market system directly threatened white prosperity and security. White farms would fail if black labor became scarce. The new urban white working class faced direct competition from the blacks, who would accept lower wages. And the prospect of a large black working class aroused more general fears of black domination.

These economic, social and political pressures worked over a long period to create a deep aberration in the perception and treatment of South African labor. White urbanization was seen as necessary and socially beneficial; but for blacks, it has been regarded as a flow endangering the nation.

The contradiction became dramatically apparent during World War II, when the war economy and the enlistment of white soldiers created unprecedented demands and opportunities for black workers. Shacks sprang up wherever there was ground—in backyards of African homes, in between white houses, in open fields. Whites began to feel that their cities were under siege. Health conditions were appalling and serious epidemics threatened. White fears, and the inability of the government of the time (led by Jan Smuts) to quiet them, or provide an answer to black urbanization, led directly to the election of the Nationalist Party in 1948. The new administration made control of urban Africans, and the cleaning

up of shantytowns, the cornerstone of its "apartheid" policy.

A simple freeze on black migration would have prevented the long postwar economic boom. White fears and white demands for prosperity could both be satisfied, at least temporarily, only by making more rigid the existing migrant labor system and preserving the rural ties of urban workers as long as possible. Furthermore, only by maintaining the fiction of the African as an occasional visitor to the town could political and other rights be denied both to the newcomers and to those who were already long-term residents.

Rural women and children were barred from settling in the cities, and the old shantytowns were replaced by brick dormitory townships in which men were not allowed to own land or practice business. A large percentage of the work force continued to be "migrants," although in a year they might spend only three or four weeks at home.

Great rigidity in the distribution of labor was also necessary, if the system was to be preserved, because once the free flow of labor was denied, the demands of an expanding capitalist economy could be met only by extreme control, in which local regulations, government labor bureaus, and a complex legal and administrative structure replaced the market in determining where a man could sell his labor.

The network of law and bureaucracy which has thus evolved since the war has now become so intricate that few people—including members of the bureaucracy itself—fully understand it. It is dominated by one central assertion—that no employer may legally hire a black for any job anywhere without government approval. In *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead*, the play by Athol Fugard, John Kani and Winston Ntshona, one of the main characters describes quite factually the legal procedure whereby a man who comes to the city without a contract gets permission to work, once he has found a job:

You talk to the white man, you see, and ask him to write a letter saying he's got a job for you. You take that letter from the white man and go back to King William's Town where you show it to the Native Commissioner there.

The Native Commissioner in King William's Town reads that letter from the White Man in Port Elizabeth, who is ready to give you the job. He then writes a letter back to the Native Commissioner in Port Elizabeth. So you come here with the two letters. Then the Native Commissioner in Port Elizabeth reads the letter from the Native Commissioner in King William's Town, together with the first letter from the white man who is prepared to give you a job, and he says when he reads the letter, "Ah, yes, this man Sizwe Banzi can get a job."

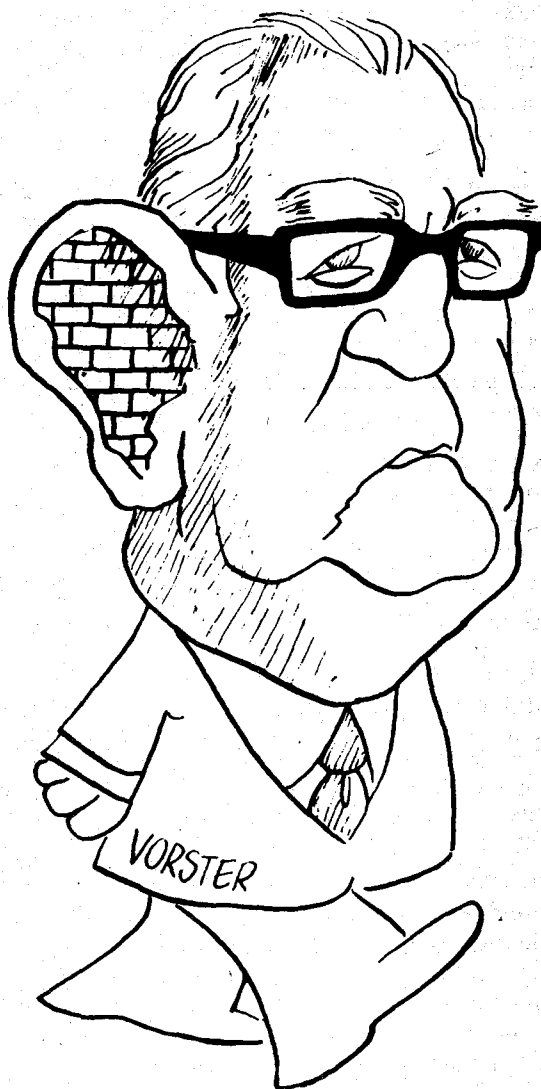
So the Native Commissioner in Port Elizabeth then writes a letter which you take with the letter from the Native Commissioner in King William's Town and the White Man in Port Elizabeth to the Senior Officer at the Labour Bureau, who reads all the letters. Then he will put the right stamp in your book, and give you another letter from himself which together with the letter from the white man and the two Native Affairs Commissioners, you take to the Administration Office here in New Brighton and make an application for a Residence Permit, so that you don't fall victim to raids again. Simple.

Those who are unwilling to go through this or other mazes often choose to work illegally, accepting very low wages from employers who accept legal risks to get cheap workers who will not organize.

Removed both officially and unofficially from labor market pressures, employers were able to keep black wages stable and even to reduce them in real terms throughout the 1950s and 1960s, when white wages and the cost of living rose rapidly. With large subsidies to keep down the price of bread, corn meal and other essentials of black African subsistence, this system could "function," as long as the economy expanded and the state was willing and able to arrest more than 250,000 black Africans a year for either working or living in the wrong labor district.

But it could never do what some apartheid ideologists said it would—enable more than a very few blacks to build up their farms and ultimately return to the land. The rural worker had to compete with his urban fellow, who was often more skilled. Nor would employers ever have paid wages which would threaten their pool of cheap labor.

Thus unable to spend time and money on the land, the workers have been forced increasingly to use their wages solely to support their families in the homelands.



Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

What has developed over a long time is a class of people in rural areas with little or no productive land or cattle, entirely dependent on remittances from the city. Men have had to sell off their cattle. Women have been unable to hire tractors and buy fertilizer to make the land produce; many, denied the chance to move to the cities, have gone instead to "rural locations." There they live a kind of urban existence, but without the formal or informal job opportunities of a town, and without comparable health and other services.

By now, there is strong evidence that this process of underdevelopment is well advanced. In "African Residential and Migrant Workers in Cape Town," a study just released here, Janet Graaf and Johann Maree found that, out of a statistically significant sample of migrant workers in Cape Town, 39 percent had no land for cultivation, and 79 percent had some 6 acres or less; 53 percent had no cattle, 86 percent had less than 10; 71 percent had no pigs, 61 percent had no more than one chicken, and 67 percent had fewer than three sheep.

Added to these statistics are others which show mortality under the age of 2 at almost 50 percent, severe malnutrition and other diseases caused by extreme poverty.

Thus the migrant labor system, which originally grew up ostensibly to increase the wealth of a rural peasantry, and certainly to provide cheap labor for South African industry, has been transformed into a system that perpetuates rural poverty, and in the process has gone far to create a rural proletariat with unique characteristics.

It was largely the members of this new class who left their country homes and gathered at Modderdam. Their persistent defiance of government regulations is strong evidence that the migrant labor system now threatens them so deeply that, were they to abide by it, their families could literally no longer survive.

As the men and women at the camp themselves said, they were amongst the poorest in the country. In a few weeks of interviews I conducted at Modderdam with the help of a black social worker, and with the permission of local authorities, the people told of their patience and their determination to survive in a time when obedience to laws created greater suffering than resistance. One man said:

As far as I can see, things began to get worse when the pass laws became strict. Before, men could go to town just for a while, and come back for the crops. But the land failed. Perhaps this is because, as the Bible says, there are times of plenty and times of drought. I would not say that it was the whites who caused the famine, but perhaps it is their laws which kept us from saving the land. Now it is better for me to be a man of the city, for I have nothing at home.

Women came to town because, "It is a dry country up there, and we do nothing but fold our hands." They or their children were sick. Many had lost several babies. Others complained that they were unable to conceive while their men were away, or they received little or no money in the mail. Several told of their fears that their men would find city women and they would then be stranded and forgotten.

Once here, they lived a hidden existence. Some tried to stay with their men in the "bachelor's quarters," but after repeated raids and arrests, decided to put up a shack "in the bush." Others stayed in crowded township houses, but had to leave because the tenants feared that they would lose their own rights to stay in the city if they were found to harbor illegal residents.

For some, Modderdam Road was only one of many squatter camps. They had settled there after having been chased from others for as long as ten years. When fewer black women were coming to the towns, it was easier to hide. But it seems that in the last five or six years the number has grown rapidly and the police have become more vigilant in rooting them out. One of the first residents at Modderdam described the founding of the camp:

The police had come and destroyed my zincs (corrugated iron). So I just took plastic and cardboard to this place across the railroad tracks. I built a new place, well hidden, and bought a dog to protect my wife from the tsotsis [thugs] while I was at work. The place here is right near the airport, so we covered the roof with leaves and twigs, so that we could not be seen from the planes when they came to land.

Both my wife and I would get up while it was still dark—she to fetch water, and I to go to work. As we walked, we would sometimes cover up the path with leaves. At night, I would go to the shops and then come back into the bush.

As the camp grew, such extraordinary individual attempts to overcome the burden of migrant labor were transformed into more organized efforts. Once word of the camp spread, its population grew rapidly. Some 2,000 to 3,000 people came in a few weeks with their building materials and possessions. One rainy night, the police raided. A few shacks were burned, and several squatters were arrested.

Soon thereafter, several members of the camp formed a committee, both to maintain order and to deal with the police and the outside community. "It was," said one of the committee members, "the first time we thieves came out and identified ourselves." Although the legal status of the camp remained uncertain, the police agreed to speak to the committee, and to stop arresting people inside the camp, if order was maintained.

Over the next several months a black community emerged at Modderdam that had more autonomy over its internal affairs than do most in South Africa. Committees were formed—judicial, executive and women's. Minimal sanitary conditions were enforced; patrols kept the place safe from strangers; a court, operating according to village law, sat each week to try petty grievances. Community workers from the University of the Western Cape, the "coloured" institution nearby, helped to draw up a constitution.

In addition to the men and women from rural areas, 10 percent of the camp was "coloured" and several permanent residents of Cape Town had come to Modderdam because of overcrowding in the townships. Many with whom we spoke said they preferred the life in the camp to that in the township, despite the flimsiness of their homes. They said there was much less crime at Modderdam, and a better spirit, as everyone lived close together.

Many of the newcomers to Cape Town also said they would choose the shantytowns over the townships, because in the latter they would have been scattered, unable to help one another. One observer remarked that in some ways Modderdam had the character of a village in the Transkei and Ciskei, from where most of the residents had come. In another time or country, it might have been looked upon as an effective way to integrate new people into the city.

But last December the government announced its intention to remove the camp. Officials asserted that it was a health hazard and that not only were its residents occupying the land illegally but many of them were illegally in Cape Town. A ban was put on construction of further shacks, which the camp committee agreed to help enforce. Inspectors patrolled almost every day, pulling down new structures and even new extensions to existing ones. Two months later wrecking crews moved unannounced into the camp. The legal representative for the squatters, provided by a local welfare organization, was able to win a stay in the demolition by showing that the government had not served proper notice and had damaged possessions of some of the residents.

The plight of the camp quickly became the central local issue in Cape Town. A public fund was organized to help all squatters in the area. The issue was extensively debated in Parliament. Church groups and other community organizations rallied to defend the squatters. But the success of the court case led only to further parliamentary action whereby the government deprived the squatters of any legal protection.

When this bill was passed, the camp's committee again turned to the public in a campaign to preserve Modderdam. They stated their case not as an attack on the economic system but as an appeal to sustain family life. Petitions were circulated and services were held in churches. A white reporter from a local paper spent a night in one of the shacks, and filed a report describing what "ordinary, good people" his host family was.

It was while this campaign was in progress, that the demolition crews once again entered the camp.

This act has shaken many whites here more than anything they have previously seen or heard in their country—more than the riots of last year, the allegations of torture, the whole structure of race laws which by now have numbed the sensibilities of most white men and women.

Meeting at the City Hall on the Sunday after the demolition, a solidly multiracial audience gave a standing ovation when one squatter, speaking through an interpreter, asked the government to change the laws. And when a "coloured" minister said he would pray every night for the downfall of the South African Government, there was a standing ovation. Such black-white unity is astonishing in South Africa's current climate.

It was possible, I think, because, throughout the ordeal of Modderdam, few whites seriously thought that the squatters were a political threat or that their cause was being exploited by agitators for their own political ends. Also, many whites have radically changed their racial

attitudes in the last several years, so that for them the presence of blacks in an assemblage is easier to accept than it would have been at the end of the war. Many were forced to recognize the brutal simplicity of what the government had done, despite the legalisms in which the doing of it was dressed. It had torn down shelters in the midst of a serious housing crisis in order to put men in barracks and return women to rural squalor. One perplexed correspondent for a local paper asked, "Have we all gone mad?"

Even government officials who carried out the demolition seemed somewhat stunned by what they were doing. Two days before the operation began, one officer agreed to meet with the squatters' committee. When the members spoke to him of conditions in the rural areas, he responded, "As a responsible government official, I can say that this issue of poverty in homelands is overrated." Finally, annoyed by their intransigence, he chided them: "Look, when the government speaks, you must listen."

Another official, who ordered a halt to the bulldozer when the cry of a 2-week-old infant was heard in a threatened shack, agreed to be photographed holding the rescued baby. "God knows," he said, "this is an inhuman task. But I am trying to do it in as human a way as possible."

The Secretary of Information, Dr. Eschel Rhoodie, was also amazed, and said in an interview that actions like this were what made the work of his department so difficult. "At least," he said, "they could have waited until summer."

The apparent senselessness was seen most clearly through the eyes of the squatters themselves. The same economic needs which led them to confront and defy authority also placed them in great dependence on white employers. Far from being agitators, it was only for the sake of the jobs that they went to such lengths to keep their families in the city.

After the demolition, one man standing on the sidewalk among his possessions said to me, "I do not know where I can take my things, for I must be at my job tomorrow. We do not understand why the white man wants us here to work, but not to live."

The final irony of this entire exercise is that, although the camp has been leveled, the attempt to send men to single dormitories and women and children to the country has been almost a total failure. At the end of the first week, only fifty-four tickets had been issued to women wanting to go home; 8,000 others were able to move in with friends or relatives in the townships or in other still-intact squatter camps. The rest of Modderdam has spread itself all over Cape Town. Black high school students were reported to have kept more than 100 in classrooms; some were standing guard against a police raid.

Another 150 have been provided with tents and are camping on the grounds of a church in a white suburb. Others have been taken in by a convent. Some whites have phoned welfare agencies offering their backyards as squatting grounds. There has even been a claim that squatters have been seen on the slopes of Table Mountain, the landmark of this beautiful city at the tip of Africa.

Police have warned that it is illegal to harbor these men and women, and have told people to be on the lookout for any new shantytowns springing up. If the authorities are serious about removing these people from the city, they face the prospect of raiding white homes and churches, and either taking the squatters away to prison, or physically dragging them back to the rural areas.

As an outsider who has come to learn much about South Africa from the men and women at Modderdam, and from the people and events surrounding the community, I find myself trying to explain actions so bewildering, so bizarre, that even the participants cannot offer an explanation.

Was the demolition simply a clumsy, arrogant, stubborn operation to remove an eyesore from a main road, and cut down a small pocket of black insubordination? Was it, as some have proposed, the product of "an ideology gone bonkers"? Or did the demolition reveal something basic about the nature and future of South African society?

If the government had merely wanted to efface the shanties, it could have offered the families sites in one of the African townships—this was in fact done for the "legal" squatters; those without homes who had rights to stay in Cape Town. Of course, the destruction was a dogmatic assertion of apartheid ideology—the insistence that new urban settlers be controlled at all costs—but there are already so many inconsistencies in that policy that still another could easily be explained away.

That the government persisted in the destruction—and has threatened similar demolitions in other camps, despite great public outcry—suggests that it sees a much greater threat than that of aesthetics or revisionism.

Acceptance of the squatters' rights to stay in Cape Town would be an admission that the system on which the ruling party tried to build its survival—and that of all South African whites—has indeed failed. Further, it would be an admission that, far from retaining the rural ties of blacks and building up the homelands, apartheid has set off a devastating process of underdevelopment; that by transforming a rural peasantry into a rural proletariat, it has made the need for men and women to come to the city ever more urgent.

With the South African economy now in deep recession, and with the prospects of sanctions, investment withdrawals, and the effects of long-term underemployment and underconsumption pushing it ever deeper, the plight of this bottom class becomes even more desperate. Without a demonstration of overwhelming determination to keep them out, there is now the very real possibility that large numbers of unemployed black men and women would swarm into the cities. In the homelands these hungry people are no real threat, but in town, unless they are provided with suitable accommodation and other services which the government says it cannot afford, they are a threat.

Such fears explain why the government feels it must preserve the "pass laws" and influx control at all cost—to hide unemployment and, perhaps, to keep the un-

employed from becoming a political force. But they do not explain the question of the squatter on the sidewalk. Why was such force used to prevent those who actually are working from settling in the city? It would have been a simple administrative task, as Dr. Wilson has suggested, to allow families of men who had jobs to stay and, after about five years, grant them residency rights.

Why is it, then, that the white government insisted on working against the economic interests of white society which would be best served by fully using these men and women as workers and consumers? Radicals would argue that even in this seeming madness there is method. It is exactly this high degree of coercion and uncertainty and the human need to violate government regulations that drives the cost of labor ever lower. The men at Modderdam who do hold jobs can easily be replaced by others, waiting anxiously in the homelands.

That might have been true at an earlier time, but during the same years that the signs of economic and social collapse have become apparent, businessmen began to rest any hope for their own long-term survival on the creation of a stable, urban working class. They were among the most despairing, bitter critics of the government's demolition.

The answer, I think, is still deeper than the obsessive fears for white survival or the workings of economic determinism. It is of such a nature that it is extremely difficult for one caught in the web of race and class here to understand. Arrogance, aesthetics, ideology, economics. All these may have been factors. But to understand why shacks at Modderdam were bulldozed, one must look finally to the evolution of these races and classes. In the process of industrialization, the needs of one group in society—regardless of color or culture—gradually become the same as those for all other groups. But from the beginning of this society, the whites have believed that the economic, cultural and political imperatives of black people were different, *and would always be different*, from those of white people. Whether white South Africans as a group could have torn themselves away from this fallacy at an earlier period of development is speculation. With different leaders, different coincidences, it might have been possible.

But having failed to see the flaw in their logic over a period that began long before apartheid became official ideology, many whites can now no longer understand what is happening to their country. Their refusal to recognize in black people the same imperatives that they find in themselves has meant that, when these imperatives become impossible to avoid, they must *still* be avoided.

The unmistakable signs of rural poverty are taken as evidence of black inferiority and laziness; the unmistakable signs of urban unrest are taken as evidence of Communist agitation and black unruliness. And the unmistakable sight of rural people settling in town despite all government efforts to keep them out? This brings with it no easy explanation.

The businessman, constantly watching and providing for economic growth, is in a better position to understand new demands—at least those that are purely economic. But the role of men in political power, and of the functionaries underneath them, has been to control all black

imperatives. Thus, when this role is ignored or made useless, their actions become unpredictable and potentially irrational.

The destruction of Modderdam was not inevitable. There still exist in high South African positions men of sufficient wisdom to have compromised, prevented the great suffering of so many people, and saved the South African Government from one further disgrace. But that it *did* take place is evidence of how one section of white society has become totally unable to comprehend what is happening to South Africa.

The crisis of industrialization and underdevelopment,

which is at the heart of black and white violence in this society, continues. Unemployment is rising both in the country and in the cities. While it would be rash at this point to suggest that the men and women hurt most in this crisis will become the leaders or even the actors in any coming struggle, what can be said is this: In the attempts to contain people in a system which has failed—an effort that is ultimately hopeless and senseless—ever more senseless and terrifying acts must be committed. If they are, the humanity of both those who threaten and those who are threatened will successively be stripped away. □

LEONARD PELTIER AND THE POSSE

Still Fighting the Indian Wars

BRUCE JOHANSEN

Inside the maximum-security federal prison at Marion, Ill., Leonard Peltier is serving two life terms, convicted of killing two agents of the FBI. Outside those walls—across the Indian reservations and in urban communities where Native Americans live—Peltier has become widely regarded as a political prisoner, convicted by an all-white jury of a crime he did not commit, imprisoned for pursuing the rights to liberty and land pursued by his great-great grandparents, the last free Indians of the Northern Plains.

Peltier, son of a Chippewa father and a Lakota (Sioux) mother, is being compared to Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph, Indian leaders of a century ago, who for the same goals that Peltier sought, also defied and then were captured by, the armed forces and courts of the Wasi'chu—the greedy ones. And the FBI is seen as a 20th-century Seventh Cavalry, the bureau having made treaty-rights activity the latest target of its counterintelligence program for a purpose similar to that of the 19th-century Indian-hunting army: to clear rebellious Indians from resource-laden land.

The widely held belief that Peltier's indictment and subsequent conviction have been heavily influenced by his political background—and that he is, in essence, a political prisoner—is based on historical parallels, as well as on the conduct of his trial, which resulted in verdicts of first-degree murder for the deaths of FBI agents Jack Coler and John Williams on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, June 26, 1975. Peltier was convicted on circumstantial evidence in Fargo, N.D. Federal District Court, April 18, 1977.

The Justice Department entered the case with affidavits placing Peltier at the scene of the killings, plotting the deaths and actually shooting one of the agents. The jury

Bruce Johansen, a doctoral student in communications and history at the University of Washington, recently completed, with co-author Roberto Maestas, Wasi'chu: The Last Indian War.



Leonard Peltier

Celia Curry

was never permitted to hear testimony which held that the eyewitness testimony had been fabricated by the FBI and that Native American witnesses had been threatened and abused to obtain cooperation.

The economic background of the Peltier case also raises parallels with the Indian wars of exactly a century ago. On the same day that the two agents were killed, the federal government officially removed from the Pine Ridge Reservation an eighth of its land area, the rugged Badlands, which contain deposits of uranium, coal and gravel. Peltier, active in the American Indian Movement (AIM), had been fighting the continuing alienation of Indian land. A century ago, Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull went to war over the alienation of the Black Hills.

One hundred and one years before the fire at

Pine Ridge, and the alienation of the Badlands, George Armstrong Custer had emerged from the Lakotas' sacred Black Hills with news that the spiritual holy land was laden with the manna of another religion—gold. The hills had been guaranteed to the Lakotas "in perpetuity" by a treaty signed in 1868, but Custer's announcement drew thousands of fortune seekers into the hills, and the United States could not enforce the treaty without waging war against its own citizens. So an offer was made to buy the hills. To this, Crazy Horse snapped: "One does not sell the land on which the people walk."

During one of the battles which followed, Custer and 204 of his men lost their lives after they attacked a much larger Lakota-Cheyenne camp near the Little Big Horn, Montana Territory. For the next three years, an Army thirsty for revenge pursued and subjugated the last of the free Lakota, Cheyenne and Nez Percé, forcing them onto reservations. The Black Hills, still unsold, continued to be mined. For the next century, treaty violations continued to eat into Indian trust land across the United States; between 1887 and 1970, two-thirds of the Indians' 150 million-acre land base was nibbled away.

By the late 1960s, however, Indians who held to their traditional ways were reasserting cultural and treaty rights to their heritage and lands across the country, with activity most intense in the Pacific Northwest, the Southwest and on the Northern Plains. Peltier became deeply involved in this reassertion. Living in the Pacific Northwest at the time, he joined an occupation of land declared surplus by the Army at Fort Lawton in Seattle. This occupation, like a similar one at Alcatraz Island, was based on federal regulations which grant Indians first rights to federal land declared surplus. The Seattle claim was recognized by the federal government and the city, and the Daybreak Star Cultural Center, maintained by the united Indians of All Tribes, was constructed on the site.

In the early 1970s, Peltier operated a car repair shop in Seattle. Ramona Bennett, chairwoman of the Puyallup Nation, remembered him as "Never a cruel person . . . I never saw him mad at anyone." Among his friends, Peltier earned two attributes—tough leadership and compassion. After being arrested by the Army during the Fort Lawton occupation, he refused to leave the stockade until everyone else was released. A friend of several years said: "If I were to die, and had to choose one person to leave my children with, I'd leave them with Leonard Peltier."

After the successful occupation of Fort Lawton's surplus land, Peltier became involved in treaty-rights activity on his mother's homeland, the Dakotas. During the early 1970s, Pine Ridge (Oglala Lakota) Tribal Chairman Dick Wilson, faced with challenges to his power by reservation traditionalists and AIM, used federal funds to hire and equip a personal police force. This group was called—even by its own members—the goon squad. Between 1973 and 1976, at least sixty-one Lakotas, most of them traditionalists, died violently in what became a state of war on the reservation. (Traditionalists are Indians who are determined to build a social and economic base

capable of preserving the tribal culture.)

During 1973, more than 300 traditionalists occupied the village of Wounded Knee for seventy-one days—inside an armored ring of FBI agents, U.S. marshals and senior army officers—in protest against Wilson's policies. The following year, AIM leader Russell Means ran against Wilson for the tribal chairship; he lost by 200 votes in an election which the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights later found was shot through with fraud. During this time, the goons' contributed to a reservation murder rate of 170 per 100,000 per year—more than eight times the 1974 murder rate in Detroit. The reservation traditionalists repeatedly appealed to the federal government for investigations of the murders. The FBI, which has statutory investigative responsibility, pleaded lack of manpower.

It was in this atmosphere that agents Williams and Coler died at Pine Ridge. Joe Stuntz, an Indian, also died that day. The reservation people buried him and, like dozens of other dead Indians, he was officially forgotten. But within two days of the firefight, the FBI, no longer short of manpower, had 175 agents combing the reservation in paramilitary regalia, looking for the killers of the two agents.

Hearing the supervisor of the investigation, Norman Zigrossi, assistant special agent in charge, describe the Lakotas as "a conquered nation" and the FBI as "a colonial police force" (*Rolling Stone*), a majority of reservation residents refused to cooperate in the search. The bureau then turned up the heat. Arthur Flemming, chairman of the Civil Rights Commission, wrote to Atty. Gen. Edward Levi on July 22, 1975, that a "full-scale military-type invasion" of the reservation was underway, during which agents were "searching homes without due process of law" and "creating" a climate of intimidation and terror.

"Their [FBI] presence has created deep resentment on the part of many reservation residents who feel that such a procedure would not be tolerated in any non-Indian community in the United States. They point out that little has been done to solve numerous murders on the reservation, but when two white men are killed, 'troops' are brought in from all over the country at a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars," Flemming wrote.

Four Indians, all active AIM members, were indicted for the murders. Two of them, Darelle Butler and Bob Robideau, were found innocent by a Cedar Rapids, Iowa federal jury last summer, in part because of FBI misconduct during the trial. Charges against a third, Jimmy Eagle, were dropped for want of evidence. He had not been at the scene of the killings on June 16, 1975. The government knew that, but indicted him for refusal to cooperate, a tactic often used by the FBI when Indians refused to talk. The misuse of the legal system by the Justice Department against Indian activists was nothing new; in 1974, Federal District Judge Fred Nichol threw out charges against Means and Dennis Banks and said that "The FBI has stooped to a new low." The Justice Department replied by giving R.D. Hurd, prosecutor in the case, an award for outstanding performance.

While Butler, Robideau and Eagle escaped the murder

charges, the last person indicted in the case, Peltier, was fighting extradition from Canada. He had fled to Canada—where he was arrested on February 6, 1976, in Jasper, Alberta—assuming that he could not get a fair trial in the Dakotas on the charges for which he was indicted. He sought political asylum on the ground that the federal government, through the FBI, was involved in a systematic campaign to dismember AIM. On May 13, 1976, Peltier stood before an extradition hearing in Vancouver. He told the court that “This type of selective political persecution against AIM leaders is no different from the abuses of the FBI against the Black Panther Party and the Socialist Workers. The FBI has abused the court system by harassing and jailing people who resist . . . an attempt to push us off our reservations because . . . what was once called worthless land [contains] valuable mineral and oil resources.”

The United States presented to Canadian authorities two affidavits, dated February 23 and March 31, 1976, and signed by Myrtle Poor Bear, a Lakota woman. The affidavits stated that Poor Bear was Peltier's girlfriend, and that she had heard him conspire to kill FBI agents. The affidavits also stated that she had watched Peltier kill one of the agents. But Poor Bear had signed yet another affidavit, dated February 19, which stated that she had *not* been on the scene; this one was not sent to Canada and not made public until the defense acquired it during discovery proceedings. On the basis of the two incriminating affidavits which had been forwarded to him, Canadian Minister of Justice Ron Basford concluded that evidence existed for extradition; Peltier was returned to the United States December 18, 1976.

Between that date and the beginning of the trial in March 1977, the FBI built its case. In one instance, another Lakota woman, Angie Long Visitor, was seized from her reservation home, without a warrant, to be held as a material witness. Prosecution testimony occupied the first five weeks of the case. The defense planned two weeks of testimony. However, Judge Paul Benson, by continually ruling key defense statements—such as those by Poor Bear—unfit for hearing by the jury, reduced the defense to two and a half days of testimony. The defense was restricted to the specific events of June 26, 1975; Judge Benson imposed no such limitations on the prosecution. It is the jury's duty to determine the merit of testimony; in the case of Poor Bear, and throughout the trial, Judge Benson took this duty upon himself.

On April 13, out of earshot of the jury, Poor Bear took the stand for the defense. She testified that she had never met Peltier and saw him for the first time that day in court, that she had not been allowed to read the three affidavits which bore her name, and that FBI agents David Price and Bill Wood had threatened her and her family if she did not cooperate.

Poor Bear was visibly nervous. Responding to a question by defense attorney Elliott Taikeff, she said that her nervousness came from fear of the FBI. Price and Wood, she said, “kept telling me about Anna Mae Aquash.” The same week that the first two affidavits had

been obtained from Poor Bear, the body of Aquash, an AIM member, was found by a roadside on the Pine Ridge reservation. A Bureau of Indian Affairs contract coroner, Dr. W.O. Brown, said that she died of exposure. A second, independent, autopsy found a bullet in her brain.

At one point Taikeff asked Poor Bear: “Did Mr. Wood say anything about the subject of getting away with killing people?”

Poor Bear replied: “I think he did.”

Taikeff asked, “Do you recall what he said?”

“He said that they could get away with killing people because they were agents.”

Judge Benson said Poor Bear's testimony was “irrelevant” to the case. The next day, he changed his mind, and declared the testimony relevant. However, he added that it was prejudicial to the government's case and would confuse the jury, “if believed.” The judge continued to refuse the jury access to Poor Bear's testimony.

Poor Bear's affidavits were the only evidence which directly linked Peltier to the murders. Three Indian teenagers testified that they had seen Peltier at the scene of the killings. Each of them also testified, under cross-examination, that their testimony had been coerced by the FBI.

Michael Anderson testified that he had been threatened with beating; Wish Draper said that he had been tied and handcuffed to a chair for three hours to elicit his statement. Norman Brown, the third witness, swore he was told that, if he did not cooperate, he “would not walk the earth again.” All of this testimony is on the court transcripts.

One person made an uncoerced statement that placed Peltier at the scene. Frederick Coward, an FBI agent, said that he had recognized Peltier from half a mile away through a seven-power sight on a rifle. The defense tried to duplicate this sighting, and found it couldn't be done. An offer to let the jury make the test for themselves was denied by Judge Benson.

The prosecution's case also linked Peltier to a specific weapon—an AR-15 which was found in a car in Wichita, Kan. on September 10, 1975. One .223 caliber shell, which the prosecution asserted came from that gun, was found in the trunk of the dead agents' car. The defense replied that at least two other .223 caliber weapons had been used that day and that the shell could have come from one of them. Finally, the prosecution asserted that Peltier's thumbprint had been identified on a bag containing a revolver registered to one of the dead agents. The gun was found on November 14, 1975 near Ontario, Ore.

Throughout the trial, the government colored its circumstantial evidence with invective and emotion, designed to convince the all-white jury that American Indians, and AIM members in particular, are unreconstructed savages. Prosecutors often used gory autopsy photographs of the dead agents, waving them at the wives of the two dead men as they characterized Peltier as the leader of a “blood-crazed bunch.” The stereotype of the savage was also used during the Butler-Robideau

trial last summer—but there it backfired. During the trial, the FBI distributed on its nationwide teletype an informer's report that 2,000 AIM members were assembling in Rapid City, S.D., on the occasion of the Bicentennial weekend to assassinate the state's Governor, snipe at tourists on the freeways, blow up power stations and perpetrate other acts of violence. When nothing of the sort occurred, the FBI looked foolish.

In Fargo, however, the manipulation of the savage stereotype was not as shoddy—and did not backfire. On April 18, the jury, which had not heard the most important parts of the defense case, returned a verdict of guilty on two counts of first-degree murder. On June 1, Judge Benson sentenced Peltier to two consecutive life terms.

The coercion of testimony, fabrication of evidence and the conduct of the trial by Judge Benson will probably

be central points of the defense appeal, expected to begin in St. Louis in October or November. Native activists assert that Peltier's conviction is only the latest instance of the use of the FBI as a political police force. At the end of July, FBI Director Clarence Kelley told Congress that counterintelligence operations had stopped. The FBI, however, had told the Congress the same thing in 1965. Public denials have become part of the "game plan" which allows such practices to continue in a government agency that has for years pursued its own goals according to its own rules.

After the Wounded Knee massacre of 1890, the Army commended the soldiers who took part. After the Wounded Knee trials were dismissed in 1974 on grounds of prosecutorial misconduct, the Justice Department rewarded the judicial misbehavior. The Indian wars of antiquity continue because the economic and social system which molds the "justice system" has not curbed its appetite for Indian land, resources and lives. □

WORKING THE STATE HOUSE

HOME TURF FOR THE LOBBYIST

JACK WENNERSTEN

When the legislature is in session, Maryland's politicians get together at the bar of the Annapolis Hilton. At their elbows, ready to buy a drink or a favor, are the lobbyists. In a time when Washington lobbyists are coming under increased attack from Congress and the media, state legislatures offer great rewards. The public has little understanding of political processes on the state level and legislators are generally sympathetic toward the clients lobbyists represent. In state capitals oil lobbyists press for legislation that will keep environmentalists in check; trucking association representatives demand increases in allowable highway tonnage; developers fight attempts to restrict metropolitan sprawl. During the last session in Annapolis, lobbyists had available \$1.5 million to defeat "harmful legislation." Public utilities, banks and finance companies, organized labor and teachers' associations spent the bulk of the money, as their lobbyists fought the hottest battles in the legislature. Special interests spent similar amounts in Illinois, Florida, California and New York, and across the country lobbying at the State House has become a multimillion-dollar business.

Few states scrutinize lobbyists closely. In a recent study, Common Cause found that nearly half the state legislatures were "ineffective" in supervising areas that have allowed lobbyists to obtain considerable power, especially financial disclosure, conflicts of interest and campaign contributions. In the Kentucky legislature, for example, the House Banking Committee is composed of lawyers who have many of the same clients as do the

lobbyists. In more progressive states like California and Pennsylvania, lobbyists have stood by as legislation to reform lobbying was enacted, knowing that it would generate little more than red tape. Despite one of the strictest lobby laws in the country, Sacramento's "Road Gang" of oil companies, tire producers, highway contractors and automobile clubs can still launch six-figure political blitzes at a moment's notice. In Harrisburg, Woodrow Wilson Musselman, the long-time lobbyist for the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association, recently boasted that he wrote that state's lobbying registration bill.

Although many states have passed lobby disclosure bills, such control measures have been more symbolic than substantive. The recently enacted lobby disclosure bill in New York is an excellent illustration. New York now requires lobbyists to account for how they spend the money they receive from their employers. The new law also regulates the lobbying activities of municipalities and public authorities. Lobbyists will be supervised by a six-member enforcement panel nominated by the legislature and appointed by the governor. But given the power of business interests in New York, it is unlikely that the panel will watch corporate lobbyists closely. Lobby disclosure legislation in New York moved an aide to Secretary of State Mario Cuomo to refer to foxes and chicken coops.

James J. Doyle, a powerful Annapolis lobbyist who earned \$142,000 last year representing public utilities, railroads and insurance companies, claims that disclosure laws hurt lobbyists not at all. "I don't think that you can buy a legislator with a free drink or a free meal," Doyle said. "All you can hope to do is establish rapport." Lobby disclosure, Doyle adds, is a kind of political

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"voyeurism" that neither hurts the lobbyist nor helps the public. Many legislators share Doyle's view. During the recent debate on lobby disclosure in Annapolis, delegate Harold Bachman challenged "Common Cause or anybody else [to] show me that any state that has passed such a bill is passing better legislation because of it. . . ."

Lobbyists can influence legislators in a number of ways. The most obvious of these is to make contributions to legislators' campaigns. The practice is perfectly legal, as long as the money does not come from corporate funds, and it is exceedingly difficult in most cases to trace the contribution to its source. Lobbyists and their corporate clients view campaign contributions as "investments" in the outcome of legislation. In California, state Sen. Alan Short, a powerful member of the Industrial Relations Committee, received \$79,000 in contributions from automobile, medical and communication groups; and Exxon Corporation, with annual revenues of \$15 billion, remains a powerful political force in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Texas. Many states do not even require legislators to report campaign contributions. Junkets paid for by corporations do not have to be reported either and legislators occasionally receive free vacations. Delegate Charles J. Krysiak, an influential member of the Maryland House Banking Committee, was recently sent on an all-expenses-paid trip to Bermuda to attend a banking convention. Other legislators receive lucrative "consulting" jobs with corporations under pressure from state government.

As legislatures have focused on environmental and consumer bills that would adversely affect corporations, lobbying in state capitals has increased tremendously. "Basically," says James Doyle, "I and other corporate lobbyists have to put out brush fires that would harm our clients." Throughout the country these "brush fires" have been bills on automobile and insurance regulation, consumer rights and pollution. Usually the narrower the piece of legislation, the greater the opportunity for the lobbyists to intervene. Legislation that is limited or technical, like the regulation of insurance companies, rarely arouses the public. Lobbyists have the information and the experience of men in the field to draw upon and the citizen-legislator, bewildered by a bill's complexity, often takes the lobbyist's advice.

State officials, for the most part, are poorly paid and occasionally succumb to favors and privileges. In Maryland, Gov. Marvin Mandel, forced to live on a constitutionally mandated salary of \$25,000, accepted, among other favors, free trips to the Caribbean by the Stewart Petroleum Co. and free suits from his wealthy friends. But today's lobbyists in state capitals are not for the most part crude buyers of favors. They are lawyers, economists and public relations specialists who fill out the forms, write the reports, show up at hearings, and are "helpful" in ways designed to protect their clients. Lobbyists in state capitals are fast becoming a counter-government whose expenses will be borne by the citizen-consumer.

A large proportion of state lobbyists have held policy-making positions or elective office in state governments. In North Carolina, for example, 60 percent of the lobbyists previously held positions in that state government.

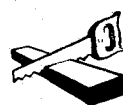
In Annapolis the transition from legislator to lobbyist provokes little public comment, and men with years of legislative experience now speak for vested interests.

Corporations are not alone in hiring high-priced talent to influence state legislators. State teachers' associations, municipal employee groups, and organized labor employ lobbyists whose budgets rival those assigned by big business. Last year the Maryland State Teachers Association spent \$122,000 on lobbyists and tried to influence more than 300 pieces of legislation in Annapolis. In New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, legislators must be remarkably sure of themselves to clash with AFL-CIO lobbyists. Citizen lobbies have also increased significantly. Successful organizations like the Connecticut Citizen Action Group have secured legislation in the area of consumer justice, conservation and women's rights. Legislators who once dismissed citizen lobbyists as "kooks" now find them financially well-heeled and powerful. Many like Common Cause maintain professional staffs in at least some states and are adept at political infighting. Occasionally, citizen groups fight one another. In many states "right to life" organizations have blocked abortion bills sponsored by coalitions of urban poor and women's groups.

For the most part, state legislatures are a happy hunting ground for lobbyists because of the confusion and inefficiency of state governments. Many legislatures have ninety-day sessions during which elected officials must deal with thousands of pieces of legislation in an arena of swirling conflict. During the last session in Maryland, legislators had to respond to more than 4,000 roll-call votes on bills that ranged from the sales tax to blasphemy.

Maryland state Sen. Julian Lapides believes that lobbyists are thriving in the State House because they can use complex government structures to protect their own interests. "Every time we turn around we're setting up another expensive agency with bureaucrats doing less." Knowing this, the lobbyists are "on the scene with money and free lunches, pandering friendship," complains Lapides.

As long as lobbyists can help re-elect sympathetic legislators and count upon public apathy, little will be done to control lobbying in the State House. Instead of ending abuses, lobby disclosure laws are cosmetic devices to convince the people that something is being done. As Edward Pessen, an analyst of the American power structure, has noted: "State and local governments have earned notoriety by their shameless deference to the rich and powerful economic groups that surround and sometimes press money on them." In the midst of the confusion and relaxed ethics of state governments, lobbyists remain influential and State House politics continues as a democracy of the few. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Mann Letters (Part I)

LEONARD KRIEGEL

This is the first section of a two-part essay, the second half of which will appear in an early issue.

There are those writers whose work marks the boundaries not of a culture but of an age. Such writers influence the future not only by what they themselves achieve but by the endings their work seems to declare, the roads they terminate. Certain other writers point to the future. A poet such as Whitman, for example, seems to have been created for the benefit of the future. His legacy is a peculiar combination of shifting imagery along with a precision of mood and tone, an expectation that *this* voice will be heard. As a result, he is available to all of us, capable of being celebrated as Henry Miller's "first and last poet," and capable, too, of being subjected to a scholarship so vast and well-armed that it seems to consume him by trying to frame him against his time and our needs. Yet other writers create worlds as removed from our own as, say, Hesiod's *Works and Days* or the story of Ruth in the Old Testament. It is not language that proves to be the barrier between us and them; rather, it is the nature of existence itself, the way we live and the reasons why we live, which together manifest themselves in the fragmentary forms of modern writing. And the fragments stand between us and them. If we choose to translate their work, we discover that we must translate their worlds. And what we are usually left with is a writer whose removal from his own time is a mere extrapolation of reality, a shutting off of that discourse between past, present and future that is what we mean by civilization.

That this should be the fate of Thomas Mann, a writer in whom tradition and modernism fused to produce what I believe to be the singularly most consistent achievement of any 20th-century novelist, is the kind of irony that Mann himself would have appreciated. It is, as a matter of fact, a theme that begins to emerge in that magnificent if unfinished

Leonard Kriegel is the author of Notes From the Two Dollar Window (E.P. Dutton). He is currently at work on a study of masculinity in American culture.

The Hesse/Mann Letters. Edited by Anni Carlsson and Volker Michels. Translated from the German by Ralph Mannheim. Annotations by Wolfgang Sauerlander. Foreward by Theodore Ziolkowski. Harper & Row. 196 pp. \$10.

An Exceptional Friendship: The Correspondence of Thomas Mann and Erich Kahler. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Cornell University Press. 196 pp. \$10.

Mythology and Humanism: The Correspondence of Thomas Mann and Karl Kerényi. Translated from the German by Alexander Gelley. Cornell University Press. 231 pp. \$10.

coda to his work, *The Confessions of Felix Krull*. As George Steiner once noted, in this novel Mann's parodistic eye is turned on "the core of Mann's achievement."

And yet, at the present moment, Mann more and more appears to be a writer in whom the death of his world will ultimately result in his work being made intellectually hieroglyphic, perhaps even invisible, to our descendants. If Whitman points to the future, Mann points to a past that will ultimately be read out of history, if for no other reason than that history itself has become indecipherable. The design of his world has been destroyed, broken into fragments. Even if our descendants were to be capable of putting the fragments together, the contours of the territory he depicts will simply make no sense to them. The map must be misread because the landscape cannot be conceived. When an intellectual geography exists only in the mind of the past, then its reality disappears when the conceiving imagination disappears. In order for it to survive, there simply must be something recognizable, some aspect of experience to which one can still relate. In this sense Mann's case may prove to be the fate of modernist culture, which may simply disappear because the materials of its conflict with civilization will no longer be recognizable even if they are available.

A writer lives on what he has to say

after his death. Mann's decline seems to have begun, paradoxically enough, at the moment of his greatest celebration. He was one of the few German intellectuals who came through World War II with integrity. He was, as a matter of fact, the very embodiment of the "other Germany." One would have assumed that this alone would have guaranteed his audience. But by the mid-1960s, I remember having repeated discussions with Dutch students of literature who simply dismissed Mann as "unreadable." By now, that designation has undoubtedly been changed to "irrelevant." It was not merely that Mann was German, although, despite his having been at the forefront of German intellectual and spiritual resistance to Nazism, that was one of the accusations voiced against him, but that he was attuned to a world which had grown increasingly peripheral to the concerns of the young. In America, where I also tried to read Mann with students, the problem was somewhat more complex. Those who were opposed to the war in Vietnam might honor Mann for his past; at the same time, however, the historical past, particularly that period which lies between the turn of the century and the late 1950s, had itself become a source of contention between students and their environment. The need was not for knowledge but for serviceable heroes, and Mann, in both his personality and his art, was far too distant. In 1970, in a course I gave on "The Political Novel," the one unmitigated disaster of the semester was *Doctor Faustus*, a novel which I viewed as the most successful political novel written in the 20th century.

Perhaps I am imposing complexity on what is a relatively simple problem. We live during a time in which it is no longer the success of the writer in giving his vision life that matters. Nor is it his ability to make that vision the intermediary between his subject matter and his audience. Instead, what we are faced with is the writer's reality as a presentation of self. Both in confessional poetry and in the surge of autobiography and pseudo-autobiography, we observe a culture in which, increasingly, the self and the voice of the self are indistinguishable. Probably the most influential

American writer of the post-World War II period is Henry Miller. In Miller's work there is no discontinuity between the self that is presented and the self that produces. And Miller is a writer who stands outside of history and denies it; he refuses to live within the boundaries of time or place, and his defiance of history, like the self he creates, is heroic. Miller's Paris, like his Brooklyn, is essentially timeless; even the America which he envisioned so savagely in *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare* is removed from history as process and becomes a country in the path of the imaginative self. Other than the intensity of the imaginative self's feelings about the United States, his power as a writer derives from his refusal to take history seriously. It is the kind of attitude that Orwell captured so well when he first wrote about Miller.

Thomas Mann, on the other hand, is at the hard center of historical consciousness. From his very first stories, he created his world out of his recognition of the break between past and present, and of the inevitable lack of symmetry between present and future. In Mann's work, even in *Buddenbrooks* and *Tonio Kröger*, the artist's conception of his own individual self is not important. *Tonio Kröger*, in which the conflict of the artist and society is most clearly visible, is not, after all, about Thomas Mann; it is about the relationship of the artist and bourgeois society. And if the materials of *Buddenbrooks* are drawn from the history of the Mann family, the novel itself is the biography of a class which finds history played out through the dread finality of art. I remember stopping off at the restored Buddenbrooks house on my way to Denmark in May 1965. The building seemed to rest securely on its foundations, a bank on one level, and what I remember as a barber shop or beauty parlor on the other. Neither seemed intrusive. The house was no more personal than the novel.

One of the most honored of all modern writers, Mann could, at times, border on the pompous as he was turned into a cultural institution. But he was never guilty of taking the self as individual seriously. The materials of his art were the history from which he emerged. And it is that history which grows so distant from us today. Even allowing for the inevitable element of rhetoric which found its way into Lukacs's famous essay, "In Search of Bourgeois Man," how can one explain to a class of students today a comment such as the following about *Lotte in Weimar*: "it saved Germany's honor in the hour of its most dreadful degradation"? Mann's

THE GHOST

*It was night, and the mist
came in from the harbor
of that out-of-date town
that had changed but little since I was a child.*

*The house looked on the central square
where a street-lamp glowed in the darkness:
my old friend, A. B.,
had given me the key.*

*No one about but a stray dog running
who swerved at me, then slunk away
as I climbed those stone steps slowly,
watched by blind windows from each side.*

*At the top I paused, my huge key
exerting strength at the front-door lock—
it grated, gave; I walked on through
to echoings dulled in dankish space*

*and stood for a while in the dim front hall
breathing old dust, letting my eyes
calm themselves to that inner dark.
Then I pulled the big door shut.*

*I wished to let the silence deepen
around me, to become part of it—
as though it might prove friendlier
the more restrained I showed myself.*

*The lamplight leaked through soiled panes.
Narrowly, I saw a black
doorway gaping to my right
and up ahead steep stairs ascending.*

*I have you now, I thought. I shall
not let you pass unless you bless me.
Followed my torch through the sideward rooms—
found nothing. Started up the stairs.*

*Half-way up my light went out
and I whiffed a foulness drifting down.
I gagged. Something snuffled up there
not far above me. I felt despair,*

*as though from a sickness long-forgotten
that would kill me yet—then at my ears
a harsh dark whisper: "Be on your way.
Leave me, fool, you may not stay."*

*I took two more steps all the same
through fog clotting at my face and hair:
the old ghost smelled of earthenware,
I felt his hatred gnawing me.*

*"Bless me, old rotting sire," I said,
"bless me, and I will let you be."
But he came on faceless with a groan
and as I clutched the icy rail*

*in a chill rush he brushed me by
and plunging through the hollowed house,
fled moaning out into his night . . .*

My light came on. I was alone.

Frederick Morgan

distance from our students can be attributed to exactly this—that for him history was a living reality in which he immersed his art, while to contemporary students, whether European or American, history is one form of the record, a subjective record at that, of a past to which their own relationship is merely peripheral. Twenty years ago, when I began teaching, it was still impossible to conceive of students who might call themselves “radical” or even “Marxist” and in the next breath insist, with all the vehemence of a Henry Ford, that history was “bunk.” For better or worse, both the literary and radical imaginations shared a deep concern with the past. This is no longer the case today.

These reflections stem from my having recently read three more volumes of Thomas Mann’s letters which have been made available in English. And my first reaction on reading them was a sense of insurmountable distance, a feeling of having been removed from my own intellectual coming-of-age. For that had been a climate in which Mann was central. The line I quoted above from Lukacs made sense to me not because of the literal comment (*Lotte* is one of the few Mann novels which I find less than memorable, and the idea that *anything written by anyone* could have possibly “saved Germany’s honor” was, on the face of it, rhetorical nonsense), but because one of the inevitable consequences of an interest in literature and politics during the 1950s was the necessity of discovering for one’s own self that “other Germany.” It was not a political state but a state of mind, an imaginary land, no doubt, but one in which I, along with any number of other young people, invested a good deal of our intellectual passion. To believe even in the possibility of human redemption, and to do so without religious faith, meant that one had to pledge his allegiance to European humanism even if the failure of that humanism was overwhelming.

Viewing that world with the Holocaust still so close at hand, it was inevitable that one seek out the single figure who seemed to embody in his own life and work the “other Germany.” Of course, Mann was not alone. But he was special, if for no other reason than that he could have chosen to be part of Hitler’s Germany; he could have remained an honored if silent guest of the Third Reich. Others could not choose; they were either Jewish or Marxist or in some other manner unacceptable to the Nazis. Mann’s choice was difficult, as

can be seen in his letters. No writer can voluntarily leave his roots, his language audience—particularly a writer such as Mann in whose work the struggle between the two Germanys, that of the cultural imagination and that of physical force, had always been so vividly depicted.

And how much was lost in that exile. To read these letters is to be made aware once again of how decisively the aftermath of World War II split not only the political map of Europe but the map of our imaginative intelligence. Although I am here primarily concerned with the decline in Mann’s reputation, no reader of his correspondence can ignore the extent to which those who shared that correspondence shared, also, a world view, an idea of the relationship of the writer to past and future which, quite simply, no longer seems tenable. No writer today can even imagine himself as writing for the future. In our time, a writer is no longer particularly important as an intellectual presence; in fact, the very concept of an intellectual presence is now alien to us.

Whatever else World War II managed to do, it is now apparent that it marks a decisive break, perhaps a truer break than World War I, between the humanist idea of the past—however unrealized that idea may have actually been—and what was to follow. One does not have

to call to mind once again the prophetic nightmares of Orwell and Koestler and the sheer magnitude of anti-utopian fiction we have inherited. It is the failure of humanism that is most evident in the defensive rhetoric which we use to advance its importance. It is a failure which is also reflected in what should have been its triumphs. As literacy spreads, the gulf between writer and audience widens. And a writer such as Mann deserves to be studied by his audience as well as read. His subject matter, as we look over the range of his fiction, is the evolution of human consciousness itself, and he relentlessly pursues that consciousness, tracing it from the *Ur-humanism* of the Biblical *Joseph and His Brothers* to the mockery it makes of itself in *Doctor Faustus*. Perhaps it is the moment at which Hans Castorp re-enters the plains below the magic mountain that the death knell of humanism is struck. But one can find Mann in the relentless pursuit of the idea of humanist man as much in his essays as in his fiction, for, like the fiction, the great essays on Goethe and Freud and Tolstoy and Dostoevsky and Nietzsche are intricately tied to the historical imagination creating structures for its relationship to the world. In Mann, the idea of literature is total—and that, one recognizes, is because man himself is conscious. □

The Poetry of M. L. Rosenthal (I)

EMILE CAPOUYA

Any educated person can write acceptable verse, and I imagine that both public and private purposes may be decently served if he does. The uneducated, too, finding some witty, touching, or merely striking strain, can often make creditable verses; nowadays we see writers who deliberately put aside their education (no doubt it costs some more pain than others) in order to decline into that kind of success. But I take it that poetry, properly so called, begins some degrees nearer the pole—and is an adventure arduous and unfruitful for any but poets, properly so called. For all we know, talent may be equally distributed at birth, but it is a matter of experience that talent is not equally developed among adults. The developed talent, in this connection, is one that ar-

rives at poems rather than verses.

To insist upon the distinction seems invidious, and not least to me. I am egalitarian by temperament and take pleasure in the thought of faculties widely shared. Besides, I suffer in my own person from the implied injustice. I have no talent beyond that required for writing passable verse, and I can tell the difference between that and poetry. To be in such a fix, lifelong, is not my idea of a good time. Then why make a point of the gulf that separates honest trifles from poetry? Because it is there, because it is unmistakable, and because it swears at our usual conception of poetry. He was in the right who said, “It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer.” That is, as I understand him, Pope’s translation of the *Iliad* might be ingenious, learned, graceful—whatever you like—but it was not simple and profound.

To be simple and profound in fit language is the poet’s peculiar business.

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Dryden says that poetry is "wit writing." On his own showing, "wit" here must mean not so much ingenuity as mother wit, the ability to suggest important relations. When he writes in the "Annus Mirabilis"

*And our loud guns speak thick, like
angry men*

the force of the line, of the idea and the words, is above what ingenuity could have struck.

Ingenious, graceful—Wordsworth and Hardy are neither. Those qualities are agreeable, not of the essence. But learned, in a particular sense, the poet must be. Unless he is sustained by a folk tradition, as no modern poet is, he must have acquired the elements of the craft (as distinct from the necessary gift) by reading the poetry of the past. Otherwise he would have to reinvent the art for his own purposes—an impossible burden when his task, which is demanding enough, is to make his own intelligible forms within an existing tradition. A writer who is uncultivated in that respect faces special dangers. If he is irreducibly original he becomes private, idiosyncratic, hermetic, in spite of himself. Or, if he is not as intractable as all that, he borrows unconsciously from the worst sources—school anthologies, journalism, the current fashions in art generally, and particularly the current fashions in verse, which draw upon all the others.

Just at present, lines of verse are uttered between clenched teeth, manner of Hemingway, so as not to give anything away, or—a better reason—so as not to be betrayed into a lying emphasis. Tough-guy verse of the kind is now being written by both men and women. And sorting strangely with the stoic air of that mode is a very different attitude, abject terror. Much current verse manages to express both those things at once, and that is not such a paradox since the positions are psychologically related and very nearly imply each other. To be tough, to be terrified, are phases of the same emotion.

Now, we find those attitudes appealing because they have been evoked by our history in this century and have a certain consonance with our experience. But they stop short of poetry because they are petty-personal, and insufficiently courageous. The poet is a man who extends himself with no guaranty, who goes for broke. Yet our best writers are stuck in self-protective postures most of the time, redeemed only at moments by the memory of a more confident tradition that is in a practical sense obsolete—not to be found in the market—and yet sustains their only genuine poetry.

Being able to arrive at poetry, then, is firstly a matter of character and psychological disposition, and secondly a matter of having access to the poetry of the past. Or rather of being accessible to it. Barring the kind of genius that in any given instance we have no right to expect, a young writer serving his apprenticeship to poetry in this decade, and imprisoned, morally and intellectually, in the decade, will fall into hermeticism or into the public style of the tough and terrified. To avoid that, the poet must be lucky, and learned in his art.

These considerations, though set down in a polemical manner that neglects questions as important, perhaps, as those it tries to deal with—and though they must in any case be subject to as many qualifications as good sense will suggest—are directed to what I imagine to be general issues raised by the art of our time. And I think that some other notions that seem to be of the same family show their force when we apply them to particular writers. They serve, invidiously, to distinguish those writers from their fellows, and even from their worser selves. Or, with less offense, they help to identify the peculiar excellencies of this or that writer. It is not my intention to reduce those good things to a rule but only to remember Aquinas's observation that glory is a necessary formal quality of art, and to recognize glory when I see it. We live in a time when that quality is not instinctively prized, since it is hard for us to believe in it. That makes it hard to find. But poetry that does not sometimes stumble into glory is less than poetry, is poetry by courtesy—what our best-known poets are up to most of the time.

I want to discuss a poet who is glorious with some regularity. He is M.L. Rosenthal, who is well known as a literary scholar and critic, and, it seems to me, little appreciated as a poet. That is surprising, because while he is often simple and profound he is also other things—very nice, but not to the purpose—which should have commended him to the taste of the age. For example, he is incorrigibly witty. Worse, he is a jester who calls attention to himself by saying, "Pardon me for living," the modern substitute for irony. Irony cut to the poor man's purse. Then, he sometimes talks tough, or mock-tough, which is much of a muchness. And having inhaled the same atmosphere as the rest of us, he sometimes exhales the fashionable hysteria. These things—of which he is perfectly aware, and which do not appear to delight him, for he writes:

*A clown's hubris, to mask the naked
face
with a still more naked, vulnerable
grimace . . .*

—were they the only things, would reduce him to successful light verse (have you noticed that the term has disappeared now that everyone's verse has lost its specific gravity, taking its cue from journalism, interesting itself in those million oddities that are of no interest?). But they are not the only things. To begin to talk about the others, I want to suggest that one test of a poet is whether or not he can write the splendid line—a line not merely successful in its context, but splendid out of context, and stirring enough to point beyond reflection to philosophy and prophecy.

The splendid line is quintessentially the poet. It shows what he is made of. There is reason for regarding the ability to utter the splendid line as the prime talent—aside from the intemperate argument (to which I subscribe) that goes, "If he can't do that, what can he do? And what does it matter?" The better reason is more easily put indirectly: that the parabola of poetry has two focuses, song and oratory, and all the rest, as the Frenchman said, is literature, i.e., conversation; that song and oratory both employ time in the way that music does, as their peculiar dimension, intensely, with no "time out"; that anything desultory destroys song or oratory, ruining their effects. The difficulty of keeping verse at the pitch of song or oratory is what makes most long poems so dull. They live only at moments, and those moments are connected by conversation in meter, which is artificial and tiresome—as the splendid line is never tiresome because in it the meter is confounded with the import of the utterance, each retorting a glory on the other.

*O face upon face of the proud and
bloody dead,
All men have died with you, and none
have conquered.*

These words are the whole of an epigram, one of two "Memorial Day Inscriptions," from Rosenthal's first collection, *Blue Boy on Skates* (1964). They show what the poet can do. Their power comes, first, from the archaisms (and despite them)—the vocative "O," and "conquered," and the grave obsolete meter that marches from one to the other. The archaic usages, as opposed to forms—"face upon face," "proud and bloody dead," "all men," "none," words that in these combinations have passed out of the language—carry the tone indeed of memorial inscription, and yet do so without calling inappropriate atten-

tion to themselves. For that reason the reader or listener imbibes their import at once: that the pride of those memorialized brought them bloody death, that the anticipation of death was a portion of their pride; that their individual deaths were human and representative—were ours; that we died in that way in times past and shall in times to come; and finally the antithesis, “all men” and “none,” that we die as we must but are not justified. Neither murder nor martyrdom saves us. And since that line says “and none” rather than the expected “but none,” the antithesis is softened. It is not a paradox but a consequence, implicit in the manner of our dying as in the manner of our life. It is not fate but our fate.

The gloss I have just offered is lame. A poem is not devised as the destined object of *explication de texte*. Nevertheless my gloss makes plain in its baldness what the music of the lines properly dissembles, that this poem is political. Yeats had a brother-thought to this:

*Parnell came down the road,
He said to a cheering man,
Ireland will gain her freedom
And you still break stone.*

The observations, in each case, are true and terrible, making their appeal to our sense of the meaning of our history. Resisting evil begets new evil, while failing often to mend the old. Therefore the Gospel says, “Be not over-righteous.” The injunction will not make revolutions humane but it may help to make revolutionaries more humanly troubled, more loath to replace the old machinery of repression with the newest model. And yet there will be resistance to evil, clear-sighted or purblind, at whatever cost in blood, and the onus is not simply upon revolutionaries. Rosenthal writes, in another poem,

*All militancy makes for murder.
All acquiescence makes for murder.
("Liston Cows Patterson and Knocks
Him Silly," Blue Boy on Skates.)*

His old-fashioned epigram, then, is what poetry must be if we are to find nourishment in it, simple and profound—too simple to accept the vying rhetorics, the ingenious briefs written on either side of “What is to be done?” That is, it takes account of our condition, and is philosophy and prophecy.

What, in two lines? Yes. That is why they are called splendid.

Happier times had no need of canons of criticism harsh as those implied here. When men were not so discouraged, when they were not yet dressed wholly in sophisticated wisdom, when they could

still, in Thoreau's phrase, lay hands upon themselves in the dark, the epic strain was innate and vigorous. They assumed that they were to be taken seriously. For that reason they could afford to be graceful, and they knew how to be. We ourselves can hardly be accused of grace, nor our poetry—that quality is unavailable to us. So there is nothing for it. In order to learn how to be lighthearted without malice and delicate without sentimentality, we should have to recapture the sense of personal importance. We should have to take ourselves seriously. That is a large order. I am sure about the prescription but not at all sure how we are to follow it. I imagine, though, that we shall have to give up walking through the streets with a transistor radio held to our ear.

But whatever regimen is required for us if we are to arrive at self-respect, it is clear that Rosenthal has taken some steps in that direction. His poetry is the outward and visible sign. Since I am grateful for the hints of manliness that sustain his poems, I wish that I could praise him in a way that would not bring him into contempt. But since he has set out to make himself, as this world goes, contemptible—as it were, losing his soul to gain it—since he has done his work, I must try to do mine and say what it is that he has done, though it make us both ridiculous.

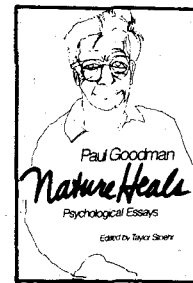
The problem he faces is the same for all of us. What are we to do about the defects of our virtues? In the modern era the center of our virtue is the democratic impulse, and that impulse gone bad is vulgarity, sentimentality and cynicism. To abandon cynicism is to proclaim oneself a holy fool. That is impolitic and inconvenient. But a cynical poet is a freak of nature, a musical horse's ass. Rosenthal has abandoned cynicism mostly. (I say mostly to be safe, because the vice is ingrained in us and colors judgment, so that I am not certain that I can always detect it.) Now, cynicism comes of disappointment, and we adopt it in self-defense. The poet has to give up his defenses, including that one. To serve the people he must go counter to their habit of suspicion, which is the habit of self-contempt, and make himself vulnerable to what the cynic denies. Here is the first of the two “Memorial Day Incriptions”:

*Streets where the moral man
Can hold death waiting:
I long to see you, pace your honored
stones,
Dream on the faces of your living
throngs.*

As early as *Blue Boy on Skates*, Rosenthal showed that he had two

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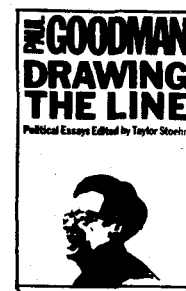
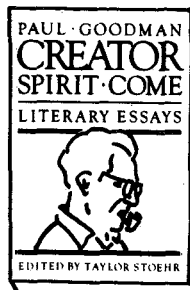
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speeds, low and high. (I mean in his real poems, not in those verses that appeal to something in me that I should like to be without.) At times he shifts from one to the other in the same poem. That is the eclectic modern way, smooth and flowing as *coitus interruptus*. Here is an example of a good poem in a colloquial mode, mostly in low gear.

"The Enemy"

*The enemy's a little pale guy, squats
Behind the breadbox outside the
corner grocery*

*White-hot, for gentlest Jesus' sake,
angrier than the Saviour's blood
That by us Jewish kids was spilled.
On Easter Sunday back in Warsaw
once*

*When he, good priest, was sprinkling
water 'round*

*Upon the matted heads of all His poor,
Too kind to see us Judas-smiling
dandies inch*

*Toward His worn cassock ever
closer. . . .*

*Ah, Jewish kid! come forth! come
forth!*

*I Raymond and my three staunch
Christian friends
Stanley, and John, and Ignatz, do
declare*

*That you shall not escape our holy
wrath*

*Until you have given us the loaf of
bread*

And thirteen cents that you now carry!

*Proud schoolboy enemies, how we
fought that day.*

*My bread was smashed and blackened,
my coins lost in the mud.*

*Pale Raymond, here are milk-white
loaves*

*And sparkling pennies (could I now
unmake the years)*

*And a free round-trip, with all
expenses paid,*

Back through the immortal past.

*Oh, could enemies but crucify
Not Jesus Saviour, not Judas, not
(Raymond) you or me
But sick memory herself,*

but foolish History!

"Until you have given us the loaf of bread / And thirteen cents that you now carry!" With what happy effect the oddly placed "now" sustains the tone, here partly pathetic and partly burlesque, of a herald's challenge. The line seems pure Paul Goodman; I thought he had patented the method and held the monopoly. In any case, this passage of the poem says that some part of the souls of Raymond, Stanley, John and Ignatz is a crusader, bent on redeeming the Holy Sepulchre. It is grandly inappropriate and not untrue—a singular part of that truth the rest of which is supplied by our experience of the murderous instincts of children. And here is

something that begins in splendor and sinks into wit:

*Pale Raymond, here are milk-white
loaves,*

*And sparkling pennies (could I now
unmake the years)*

*And a free round-trip, with all expenses
paid,*

Back through the immortal past.

The repeated "now" is inadvertent, surely, and no help. But that free round-trip is a rout—not a mere tactical error but a strategic defeat that Rosenthal has walked blithely into. The milk-white loaves refer to the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and to the white dove of peace, symbol of Jesus (not because the poet had them in mind but because that is what the words evoke). To offer a free ticket to the past of the schoolboy fight and back, to the crucifixion and back, is vulgar. Its intention is to cop a plea. Rosenthal caught himself being too poetical for his modern taste, so he apologized with that wisecrack. He did here what he accuses Khrushchev of having done in the matter of the missiles in Cuba: "tiptoed consummately off —/ 'Ain't nobody here but us chickens, Mr. Jack!" ("Three Conversations," *Blue Boy on Skates*.)

Let us look at another example of

heraldry—this one not compromised by a poem that is embarrassed by its intentions.

*Honor the poised sword of man's
misery; the faces
of the mothers; the cobblestones
on which men walk to war and no
fortune.*

*("If I Forget Thee . . .," Blue Boy
on Skates.)*

For such lines criticism is an impertinence—except as it applauds another antithesis (at bottom like "all men" and "none" of "Memorial Day Inscriptions"): "to war and no fortune." But what fortune can come of war? So that trick of syntax is no trick but the pointed expression of Rosenthal's view of violence, that it is not purgative and does not save. And the alliteration, "walk to war," may remind us that the real war, even in the age of computer-directed air strikes, is at ground level. Rosenthal knows that as well as the man who made up the infantry marching chant:

*The corporal rides in a jeep,
The sergeant rides in a truck,
The general rides in a limousine—
But we're just out of luck.*

*Am I right or wrong? "You're right!"
Am I right or wrong?*

From the Old School

THE EDUCATION OF A PREJUDICED MAN. By Joseph Gerard Brennan. Charles Scribner's Sons. 302 pp. \$10.95.

ERIK WENSBERG

I should say at the start that I no more understand the title the author has given this suave memoir of what looks like a buoyantly open-minded life than I understand his publisher's allowing Mr. Brennan—who has much else on his mind—to misquote Matthew Arnold and W.E. Henley on the same page, Walt Whitman on the next, and Johnny Mercer somewhere else. "True morality," Mr. Brennan writes, in one of his rare solemn moments, "lies not in judgment but in attention." Book publishing seems no longer a means toward eating: it has become lunch.

To say that Joseph Gerard Brennan's meal ticket has been the teaching of philosophy at several Eastern colleges including Barnard is not to undervalue

Erik Wensberg was for ten years the editor of The Columbia Forum. He is at work on a critical biography of James Agee.

what some in Mr. Brennan's generation would term the "high seriousness" of such a calling; it is rather to strike Mr. Brennan's own note, which is that of a plain-spoken, amused, skeptical scholar (Boston Irish, a Navy man, and no mean cellist) equally at home with high seriousness and low comedy. In this last respect his memoirs are valuable set beside the recent history of the American professoriat.

Thus, for all he has to say, both moving and instructive, about a favorite composer, "Fred" Delius (Brennan first-names everyone), and about Wittgenstein at Oxford, Epictetus in a tight spot, and Ford Madox Ford's tic of imposture, Brennan is evenhandedly interested to recall from his youth that the terrible H.T. Parker, music critic of *The Boston Transcript*, applauded at concerts "Continental-fashion by banging his cane straight down on the floor" and once brought it down on the toes of the awe-inspiring Mrs. Jack Gardiner: "her remarks were said to have been unforgettable." He is pleased that the first time he met Thomas Mann, after trudging from the station through a

punishing rain, they shook hands and Mann murmured in careful English, "You are very humid." Brennan also notes that an eminent Swiss colleague in philosophy, Ludwig Räber, perished by falling into the crater of the volcano Stromboli, "the first philosopher I know to die in this way since Empedocles . . . 2,500 years before." What is remarkable about this book is not of course that a scholar can be wickedly funny: many are. (One wishes someone had told Brennan that his Columbia colleague Lionel Trilling, whom he did not know but was closely misinformed about, had in private a prodigal sense of the ridiculous: they might have got on.) It does surprise one a little that this *Philosophiae Doctor* should wish to tell us almost as much about earliest antic Levittown as about the life of the mind at Columbia. But Brennan seems to have paid attention wherever he found himself.

A more subtly disorienting oddness steals over these memoirs as they enter the middle 1950s and Brennan's long tenure at Barnard. He has "arrived." He is still paying attention, but he seems to be missing a point. For there, in the whole ensuing decade and beyond, he will be found parochially going about his academic duties—with what he calls "easygoingness"—while all around him much of the rest of the American professoriat was busy becoming an unsleeping cultural force of bewildering ubiquity. It is some measure of altered times that one must reach now to recall that period when so many university teachers were working in, or more profitably for, government, swanning off to think tanks, thinking aloud on the airwaves, decanting dicta into *Esquire* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, sitting on Presidential commissions, standing high on the best-seller lists, turning out columns for the newspapers, wooing federal grants into outright capitulations, throwing publishing out of whack and into big business with their floods of subsidized textbooks, and with per diems and expenses, turning up annually like swallows at Salzburg and Aspen or like coals at Newcastle, to confer. Political science departments became holding pens for the Department of State, and to the social scientists commercial consulting came as naturally as breathing. Having, as an editor, interposed myself for a time in all this cash flow and giddy elevation, I vividly recall the evening I had the honor to sprain an ankle on some garden statuary at the estate of one of poor Max Weber's uplifted disciples. Another researcher, a disciple of poor Margaret Sanger, sent me a case

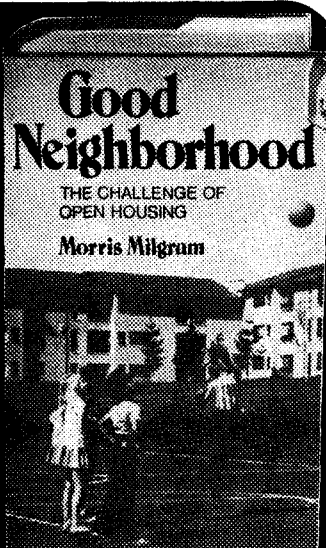
of twelve-year-old wine in thanks for a trifling favor. The times were generous for the middle classes, and in universities there had never been so much to be generous with. For the social utility and standing of academics there seemed no precedent and no end. In the words of poor Ronald Firbank, everywhere they went, the people cried hooray. It was not until a ragtag of hangers-on called students rose up, and rebelled on many pressing counts that anyone noticed things had gone wrong.

None of this, mind you, is in Brennan's book.

That is the point. As noted, all he seems to have been doing throughout what someone has unkindly called the bull market in academic futures (out of which of course much good as well as McGeorge Bundy came) was teaching. What was the man thinking of? A good deal of the time, of his Barnard philosophy students, it appears, along with the affectional life of Dean Virginia Gildersleeve, the subtleties of anti-Semitism at Columbia when he started, some (in official language). "administratively difficult" colleagues like his

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friend Kate Millett, and some intellectually trying colleagues like Ursula Niebuhr.

Not that Brennan's account of his college teaching is feline or score-settling—far from it: he has been delighted. He seems to have found quite as much to admire, love, be amused by in colleges as he did in the Navy, on summer travels abroad, in Levittown. But it is a further oddity of his book that he seems to recognize no distinction in nature between the incipient Barnard department head who the night before taking office killed herself with sleeping pills and the heroin addict named Fred who cadged money from Brennan, the barroom piano player working his way through graduate school. He likes them both, and so do we.

Indeed, if I concentrate somewhat more than he does himself on the author's observations of campus life—neglecting his wartime duty in North Africa and Europe, his findings on Joyce and Gide, and much more—it is because I cannot get over how, for all those years when his colleagues were hiring out to instruct the nation on The Concept of Excellence or The Year 2000, Brennan was noting around the home place the recently deceased professor whose office was found to contain 2,000 shirt cardboards which he had been saving for purposes unknown since his beginnings

as an instructor. You will tell me that these had no bearing on "The Report of the President's Commission on National Goals," an expensive cadenza of academic time and brains typical of the period—and I will tell you that they were "The Report of the President's Commission on National Goals." While Professor Glazer was getting the hang of the whole 87th Congress from his seat in the Kennedy administration, Brennan is here found puzzling over why his brightest students are rude to the others, and trying to follow and assist a brilliant Ph.D. candidate who "could think in quarter-tones." Brennan writes, apropos of a disordered faculty meeting during the Barnard-Columbia uprising in 1968: "Few beings are more difficult to control than a dionysiacally excited professor." One laughs and then thinks of Professor Kissinger right around then.

That Brennan, being God's democrat, has found quite as much of interest in his students as in his colleagues and the thinkers he admires, that he paid such attention to them and can sketch the later lives of so many, may also seem odd. It is. When this reviewer undertook a stint of college teaching in 1967, it was not at all helpful to have known through editorship more academics and their books than is perhaps given to others not forced to the pleasure by a need for tenure—and to realize that even one's closest teaching friends had scarcely ever talked about how they taught

their students. In retrospect, for that time, the silence suggests that to the ambitious, teaching may not have been the point of academic life at all.

It has been very much the point for Brennan. Whether or not he should have forged a final paper for a student he wanted to see graduated I leave to the judgment of deans. But I am glad to have the story; it helps to make this book, among many other good things, the most thoughtful and authentic account of the academic life in decades. As to Arnold, Whitman, and Johnny Mercer, I trust Brennan will get them right for editions to come. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Alex Katz was influenced by billboards and introduced their dilated imagery and simplified volumes into paintings of 1963-65. Memories of Matisse were not absent from these paintings but the effect was one of astringency as drastic abbreviation of drawing and simplification of skin color entered figure painting. Now Katz has designed a real billboard, approaching completion, on 42nd Street and Broadway. A frieze of women's heads—blondes, redheads, brunettes, blacks—flows around the fourth floor of the northwest corner of the intersection and more heads are stacked vertically on a three-sided corner tower above.

Contributing directly to the continuum of street messages is not the same as adapting a popular source to the purposes of easel painting but Katz has pulled it off. The size of the frieze, 20 feet high by 240 long, is authentically Times Square, but unlike every other sign on that corner, it has no verbal content. What is it selling? Nothing. Is the message art? That is too simple and uninforming. As a portrait painter Katz has a great flair for types, for finding sitters who, when painted, look like a lot of people their age. Ads of course also draw on current typologies. In Katz's billboard the likenesses, typed as for ads, appear without the commercial purpose. The women look as if they are advertising something but are not, so they shine in ironic competition among the ads. The site was donated by RKO, the building's owner, for two years and the painting sponsored by the Public Arts Council. Today's public art is often in competition with commercial art, but Katz's is the only piece I know that acknowledges the fact and

WHAT TO ANSWER

*My students ask if pine nuts
are real. Not that they sense the texture
of invented detail, but because they have never
seen one. I describe resinous shells
and the seamless pale meat that is drier
and softer than other nuts. They come from
the cones of piñon pines. Piñon. The word
pivots around its center, ricochets
on bark. The needles are sharp
and more aromatic than cedar. Exquisite
pain. They grow where there is
so little rainfall the trees can be counted.
People gather the nuts by shaking
the cones into burlap bags. I say it
as if I've done it myself or watched,
then remember I haven't. I was told
by my aunt, as if she had done it
herself, or watched. I have told this
same class another of her stories,
of the unwanted baby thrown down
an outhouse, scarred on the face
by a searcher's burning taper. I believe
both stories, but there was no good reason
to tell them about the baby.*

Sharon Bryan

turns it to his own purposes. The context of the frieze and the tower raises the expectation of a consumer appeal, but it is withheld. Like Antonioni's Americans, who comment on themselves by the way that are presented in *Zabriskie Point* and *The Passenger*, these heads are glamorous and disaffected at the same time.

Sculpture Now, 142 Greene Street, has housed some formidable hardware in its time and the present work in the lower gallery keeps up the scale, but in an unprecedented way. It is "a water environment involving kinetics" by Salvatore Romano (until October 15) in which two enormous tanks of water keep the spectator close to the wall. The tanks are low, 5 inches deep with 3 inches of water, and lined with black vinyl. Thus access to the room is restricted but from the edges one sees a Piranesian explosion of the surface caused by reflections. The black pools open out into a vast inverted reflection of the room and its lights. Each pool contains two paired slim black verticals in startling contrast to two rows of broader white columns, three in one group, five in the other. White forms are those outside the pool, black those within, including several small geometric forms that drift around, seemingly frictionless in their motion. The interplay of the taut geometric structure in maximized contrasts (right-angled corners, horizontals and verticals, black and white, wet and dry) and the unmeasurable amplitude of the reflections at surface level, give kinetic art a subtlety and splendour it has sel-

dom attained.

55 Mercer is a co-operative gallery that makes a point of putting on occasional shows of unaffiliated artists. This year the season opened with a show (until September 24) of four artists who joined together last year as the result of another co-operative. The A.I.R. Gallery arranged two open meetings with the purpose of encouraging the formation of more co-ops. One group emerged, ultimately became discouraged (co-operation is not easy), but three of these artists are in the present show, joined by one other. It is necessary to distinguish group shows like this from those that are organized around a common stylistic point. The center here is social and political. The four artists differ from one another in style, but they share, at least for the duration of their interest in artist-originated exhibitions, a resistance to the delays of commercial process and the male-oriented support system of the art world.

These four are part of a tide of artists, bound together for various short-term purposes who, taken as a whole, have expanded considerably the spectrum of exhibitions and reduced the lead-time between studio and public. The sculpture of Barbara Knight combines formal pattern and bright color, in firm spreading or extending forms. Cynthia Eardley is a clay sculptor, working on a tiny scale with two figures or one figure and a lump of furniture to evoke narrative and psychological situations. They are intimate scenes viewed from a great distance. Lois Barron, on the other hand, inflates her objects as much as Eardley condenses

her figures. She uses shaped flat canvases, cued by the contours of daily objects, that flicker between two- and three-dimensionality. Gail van der Lippe makes layered Abstract Expressionist paintings, in which solidity of surface and anxious gesture sometimes pull apart, but in one painting, a large dark blue piece, they are condensed into a tough, commanding form.

A posthumous exhibition of Ree Morton's paintings at Droll/Kolbert, 724 Fifth Avenue (until October 1), reminds us of her early death this year—she was born in 1937. She was best known for her three-dimensional work, loosely structured enigmatic tableaux in which the linearity of drawing and the literalness of found objects were combined. These assemblages, with their tree branches, posts, stones and shelves, seemed to touch on tree house, Japanese garden, home theatre. The current exhibition however, consists of a group of paintings and drawings entitled "Regional Pieces." There is a standard format: two oil paintings on panels, one above the other. The top one always shows a seascape, the lower a fish, in matching color, underwater, a nice way to show the ocean's hospitality to abundant life; each fish is particularized and some are anthropomorphized. The panels are adorned with crinkled plastic drapery to make a funny mingling of domestic and marine references. Also, the modeled drapery stresses the object-character of the panels, in contrast to the pictorial enframement of the painted images.

Morton was certainly concerned with

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the fantastic content of art, and so was the Italian group, the *Pittura Metafisica*. They painted puzzling still lifes to imply the mysterious role of objects in our lives. Unlike the Italian artists, Morton and other Americans of her generation have been attracted to mystery not as a solemn, possibly tragic affair but as something childlike or folkloric, authenticated by freshness. It is perhaps a kind of frivolous Metaphysical Painting, dealing with mystery in terms of intuition, humor and play. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

WEBER-MAHLER: *Die drei Pintos*. Lucia Popp, Werner Hollweg, Hermann Prey, Kurt Moll. Netherlands Vocal Ensemble; Munich Philharmonic; Gary Bertini, cond. RCA Red Seal PRL3 9063. \$23.94 (three discs).

Confected by Mahler during the 1880s out of sketches that Weber abandoned in the early 1820s in favor of *Euryanthe* (and supplemented from other Weber vocal works), this is an entertaining pastiche—though doubtless unstageable: the original libretto, reworked by the composer's grandson in collaboration with Mahler, remains a heavy-handed farce of mistaken identity. Here and there the younger composer's hand slips and reveals itself, as in the entr'acte preceding Act II but, unlike some other posthumous collaborations such as Alfano's completion of Puccini's *Turandot*, what is thereby revealed is as interesting as what is obscured.

The recording is complete, abjuring even the cuts suggested in the published score, and the performance, barring an occasional tendency to rush, is lively and to the point. Jack Diether's annotations are a model of thoroughness in their explication of the work's complex history and parentage.

BEETHOVEN: *Leonore*. Edda Moser, Helen Donath, Richard Cassilly, Theo Adam, Karl Ridderbusch. Leipzig Radio Chorus, Dresden State Orchestra; Herbert Blomstedt, cond. EMI/Electrola 1C 157 02853/5. \$23.94 (three discs).

Another obscure corner of musical history is here made audible: the original 1805 version of *Fidelio*. While there can be no doubt that some of the changes wrought in the revision of 1814—noably the new finale for the first act—

were the amendments of genius (and that almost all of the alterations to which Beethoven acceded in the partial revision of 1806, which the recording rightly ignores, were not), something was also lost: not merely two complete numbers but a certain spaciousness of manner. Many sections, though unaltered in substance, were conspicuously tightened up, and the opportunity to compare the two versions of such material is one of the fascinating aspects of this excellent recording, which is strongly sung (perhaps too strongly by Cassilly as the supposedly enfeebled Florestan at the start of the last act) and conducted with real fervor by the excellent Blomstedt, whose work I have admired ever since hearing him conduct Bruckner at Aspen in 1973. The spoken dialogue is somewhat abridged, and the presentation—annotations in English, but libretto in German only—is less admirable than RCA's for the Weber-Mahler, but the musical interest of this set is truly formidable.

"The Art of Lotte Lehmann" (Opera and Song Recordings, 1916-33). Lotte Lehmann, soprano; various accompaniments. Seraphim IB 6105. \$9.96 (two discs, mono).

In the recollections of today's leading performers about those of their predecessors who most influenced them, no name occurs more often than that of this palpably imperfect, intensely personal singer. At coloring words, at wrapping them around a phrase and impelling it

forward, Lehmann far surpassed most of her colleagues in imagination and intensity; like Maria Callas in another generation and another repertory, she opened up new possibilities. This memorial issue is welcome, though disappointing in detail; it duplicates five titles already available on an earlier single disc (Seraphim 60060), and, more seriously, it is evidently designed not to overlap with an Electrola two-disc set (1C 147 29116/7) that contains many more of the classic Lehmann recordings: notably arias from *Fidelio*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Die tote Stadt*, *Ariadne* and *Die toten Augen*, as well as the later, better recording of the *Freischütz* prayer. That expensive imported set is thus the "basic" Lehmann, to which this more widely distributed, cheaper package should be regarded as a supplement. I wouldn't be without either—even the songs in the Seraphim package, performed with what is rather grandly described as a "chamber orchestra" but sounds to me like a palm court trio, are full of memorable phrases. (Lehmann's recording of Schubert's *Winterreise*, originally issued in three different albums by two different companies, is scheduled to be reunited in sequence for the first time as another memorial reissue; one may say that she probably had no business singing it, and that she wasn't at her best when she did—but one would also feel poorer for not having heard it. The same goes for her Schumann cycles with Bruno Walter, still available on Odyssey 32 16 0315.) □

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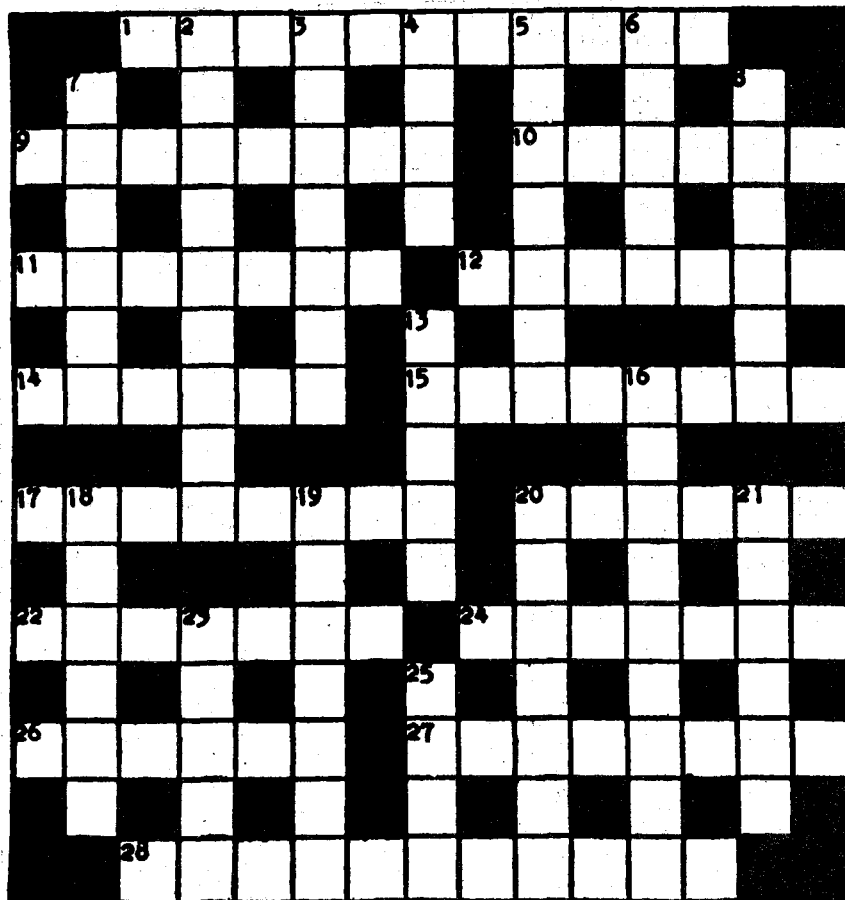
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ACROSS

- 1 In the case of Europe and America, one might claim distance even here. (11)
- 9 In a way, eats around what might be left of the props. (8)
- 10 The free-wheeling rat is, in the end. (6)
- 11 Sounded vicious and all tangled up. (7)
- 12 Discharge the crew—even though they put out a lot on the job. (7)
- 14 Sometimes drawn by those who hope for a lot to be favorable. (6)
- 15 Knowledgeable about the slight advantage, seen from one viewpoint. (8)
- 17 Are they 9 of the wrong-doer? (8)
- 20 See 25 down
- 22 Different clients find words applicable this way. (7)
- 24 Acknowledges a debt reduction—such as many students work for. (7)
- 26 What the vegetable man might bring to atom smashing. (6)
- 27 Is showing part of the leg, ancestral refinement? (8)
- 28 An onslaught of inclement weather implied by what they sometimes did to the walls? (4,2,5)

DOWN

- 2 See 25 down
- 3 Close, perhaps, but no melody this way. (7)
- 4, 7 and 13 What you can spell with no E is supposedly 2 down, even at the end. (4,3,3,5)

- 5 Not horsing around—just riding others, to some extent. (7)
- 6 A self-announcement of a 25, 2 and 20 across—completely mad! (5)
- 7 See 4 down
- 8 Six per second—of the treacherous ones. (6)
- 13 See 4 down
- 16 Is the earth pretty much like what is frequently held for exposition? (5,4)
- 18 Not quite 7 down—so keep your shirt on with it, and a lot more! (6)
- 19 A condensed account of the time Poe composed. (7)
- 20 When the action is completed, it's without flaw. (7)
- 21 Light branch of science. (6)
- 23 It's big and wet in Africa, as any trouble might reveal. (5)
- 25, 2 and 20 across In brief, 8 starts with one that perhaps demands special treatment. (4,9,6)

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ACROSS: 1 and 10 Industries; 4 Red-handed; 9 Parnassus; 11 Grenadier; 12 Sulla; 13 Inebriated; 17 Sacerdotal; 21 Aruba; 22 Loitering; 23 Ictus; 24 Technique; 25 Timepiece; 26 Reels. DOWN: 1 Impugn; 2 Darned; 3 Shaman; 4 Russian roulette; 5 Describe a circle; 6 Artistic; 7 Dribblets; 8 Disbands; 14 Essayist; 15 Accustom; 16 Breaks up; 18 Leaner; 19 Risque; 20 Egress.

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